HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXIV.—No. 1760.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1890.
TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.

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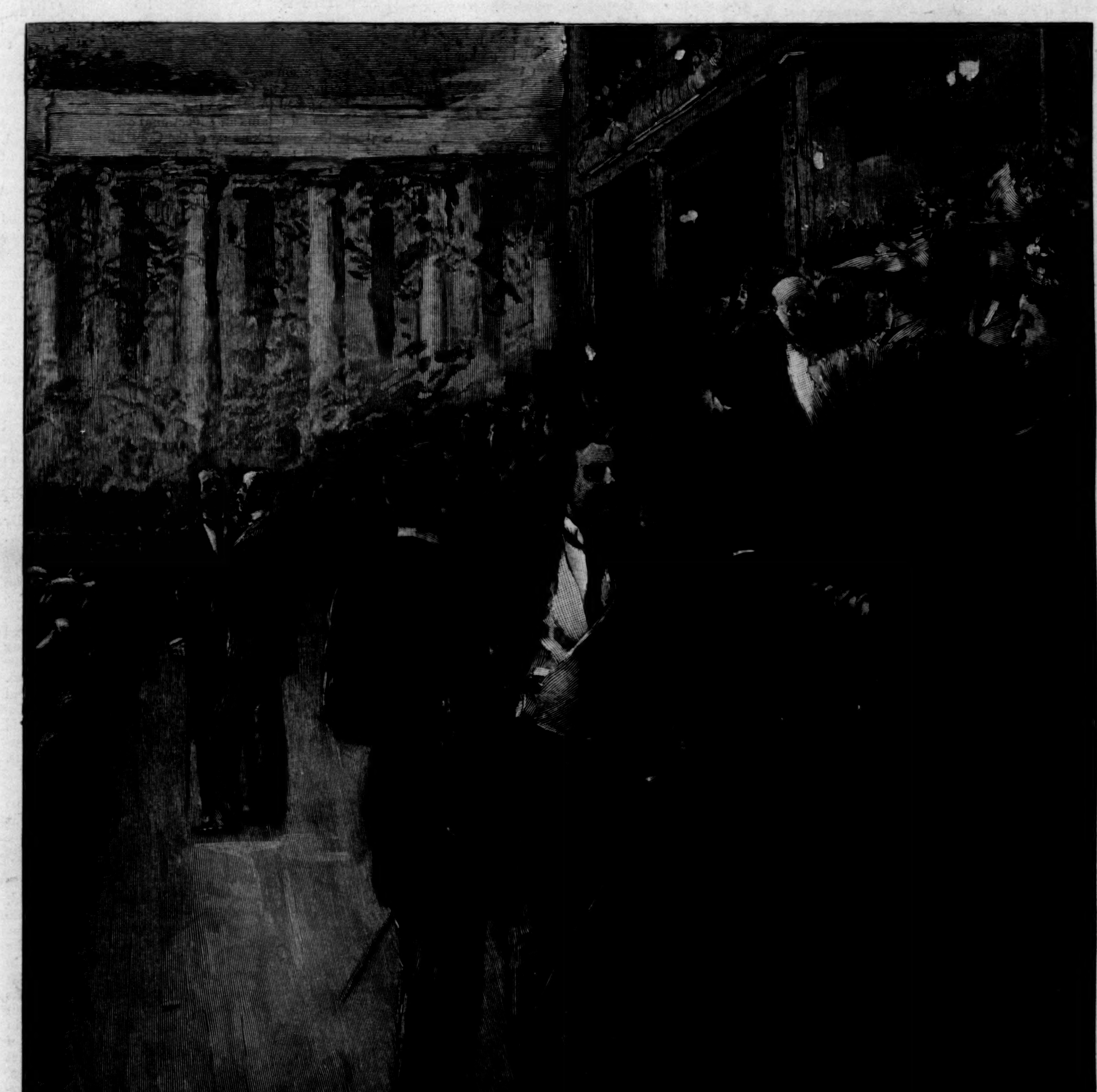

AN ARENA BOX, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 718.]

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MAINE.

THE result of the election in Maine will be known as this paper is issued. The result will be significant as the first popular verdict upon the course of Congress, but the campaign has not been very animated or exciting, and its most interesting and striking incident was the appearance of Mr. BLAINE. During the first year of this administration he had been so quiet and withdrawn from public political activity that his assent to the transfer of party leadership to Speaker REED was assumed. But Mr. BLAINE'S return to party prominence and activity was like a stroke of Richelieuan diplomacy. It took place just as the two great party measures, the McKINLEY bill and the election bill, were in sore distress, and when the extraordinary course of the Speaker in restricting debate in the House had deeply stirred the country. Mr. BLAINE'S decidedly unfriendly views upon the earlier force bill were well known, and his reappearance and profound silence upon the subject did not look like the coming up of reserves for the pending measure, while his frank letter to Mr. FRYE upon reciprocity revealed a radically different view of the application of the protective policy from that of the McKINLEY bill.

It was, in fact, the sudden appearance in the field of the only Republican force which could have shaken the course of party action. Mr. BLAINE'S letter to Mr. FRYE instantly disclosed a strong party opposition to details of the proposed tariff, and was followed by the postponement of Senatorial action upon the election bill, and almost an open party breach in the Senate. From being an inconspicuous figure in the cabinet, and supposed practically to have relinquished political activity, Mr. BLAINE became immediately the chief Republican personage in politics, and Mr. REED'S rapid ascent in public prominence was arrested. The correspondence on the seal fishery was published at the same time, in which the question was treated by the American Secretary with skill and force, and the second year of the administration will close with Mr. BLAINE in his old place among party leaders and active political forces.

His speech in Maine was devoted mainly to the tariff, and joins issue openly with the principle of the McKINLEY bill. Mr. BLAINE holds that "the United States has reached a point where one of its highest duties is to enlarge the area of its foreign trade." We can do far more than produce breadstuffs and provisions for our own people. It is not enough for us to manufacture only what we can consume, or produce only what we can eat. We need not an annexation of territory, but of trade. Our true policy is expansion of trade with countries where we can find profitable exchanges. These are his views, and he therefore advocates reciprocity, and he said that the tendency of the time is to an enlargement of the free list. "I believe that one article after another will be found to need less and less protection till ultimately the importation of free articles will be equal to that of protected articles." All this is in a very different key from the McKINLEY bill and from the tariff which is the great Republican measure of the session, which Mr. HISCOCK tells us is the mandate of the country. Mr. PLUMB is denounced as an assistant Democrat because he would modify it in some details, and Speaker REED would have had it imposed upon the country practically without debate. When Mr. BLAINE had finished his speech, Mr. MASON, of Illinois, said that the younger Republicans would follow him. All this is interesting, and it is not less so that Mr. BLAINE said nothing of the election bill. It is plain that he reckons ill who leaves the Secretary out.

PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Pennsylvania political campaign is exceedingly interesting, because it turns upon no question of party difference, but on the fundamental condition of all truly free government—personal and official honesty. The situation is simple. A large body of Republicans have resolved to oppose the Republican candidate in the interests of their party. They hold that acquiescence in the action of their Convention and support of the candidate would be the approval of official conduct which they regard as dishonest, and of a party leadership intolerable to self-respecting men. The facts, as they believe them to be, and as neither the accused nor his friends deny them to be, are that Senator QUAY, when Secretary of State, took money from the public treasury and lost it in stock speculations, and was saved from exposure by Senator CAMERON to avoid a frightful scandal perilous to the party; and that notwithstanding general knowledge of the fact, he was able to secure a nomination as Treasurer, although the leading Republican organ in the State intimated plainly its knowledge of the truth. He was elected Treasurer, and again took the public money for purposes of speculation, but was this time fortunate, and was able from the profits of the transaction to restore the money, although a confederate threatened him with a suit to compel the payment of his share.

These charges, made circumstantially and in detail, and now familiar to the whole country, have never been answered. They have been derided as "free-trade" slanders, and it has been childishly urged, as disposing of them, that calumnies were hurled at WASHINGTON which he disdained to answer. But the charges are believed by many of the stanchest Republicans in Pennsylvania, who naturally chafe under the silence of their Senator, and insist that if there were a satisfactory reply, any honorable man in his position would at once make it, for the honor of his State and the interest of his party, if not for his own reputation. But while the accusations, which, if untrue, could have been summarily and instantly swept away, were still fresh in the public mind, the party Convention, controlled by QUAY, who still kept silence, made this declaration:

> "For the chairman of our National Committee, M. S. QUAY, we feel a lasting sense of gratitude for his matchless services in the last Presidential campaign. As a citizen, a member of the General Assembly, as Secretary of the Commonwealth under two successive administrations, as State Treasurer by the overwhelming suffrage of his fellow-citizens, and as Senator of the United States, *he has won and retains our respect and confidence.*"

The election of the candidate selected by QUAY would be the ratification of this astounding declaration, the solemn, recorded allegation of every man who voted for him that as a citizen and a public officer QUAY had won and retained his respect and confidence. That is not yet at least a Republican principle, and multitudes of Pennsylvania Republicans propose to vote for Mr. PATTISON, the opposing candidate, to save their own honor as well as that of their party and their State.

This is the situation in Pennsylvania. The Republicans who protest are stanch protectionists, and supporters, many of them, of the national election bill. They have no sympathy with Democratic principles or policies or traditions. But they have no fear on party grounds of the consequences of the election of Mr. PATTISON, because the facts of the case and the reasons of their support of him are so accurately and widely known. HARPER'S WEEKLY, for instance, is friendly neither to a high protective tariff nor to the national election bill, both of which measures, it thinks, would be unfortunate for the country. But if the Republican nomination dictated by QUAY should be defeated in Pennsylvania, the WEEKLY certainly could not assume that the State had ceased to be Republican, that the policy of protection were any less favored, or that the State had pronounced against the election bill. The defeat, as Mr. PATTISON, the Democratic candidate, plainly states, would have no national significance whatever. It would mean only that the Republican voters of Pennsylvania throw off the yoke of QUAY, and will henceforth support the tariff and all Republican measures under a local leadership which they trust and respect. This would be universally understood, and there is nothing which could be so serviceable at this time to the Republican party as the defeat of the Republican candidate in Pennsylvania by Republican votes.

THE NEW MISSISSIPPI CONSTITUTION.

THE final action of the Mississippi Constitutional Convention will be watched with great interest to see if its provisions in regard to the suffrage offer any reasonable and practical restriction of ignorant voting. The Committee on the Elective Franchise has agreed to abolish the general property qualification, and retains an educational qualification limited to the understanding of the Constitution when read. This is not a very lucid proposition. It is evident by the constant necessity of a judicial interpretation of the Constitution of the United States, after long and able debates by learned counsel, that that venerable instrument is by no means always understood when read by trained wits. Who is to determine in the case of the Mississippi document whether the voter understands it or not, is not stated. If the inspectors of election are to decide, they will have conclusive control of the vote. A modified form of the Australian system, called the DORTSCH law, is recommended; proper residence also, and a poll-tax. An important and surprising provision is that of qualified woman suffrage based on the possession by her, if single, or, if married, by her husband, of real property to the value of $200.

That such a proposition should be made in Mississippi would be extraordinary but for the colored voters. In Wyoming it is constitutional, but elsewhere, as in New York, although the proposition may reach a vote sometimes in the Legislature, it is always regarded as a joke, even by some who support it. Upon all such questions of political method and reform the Southern States have been generally extremely conservative, as it is called, that is to say, unprogressive. Civil service reform is a question which has excited little attention or interest in the Southern States, so that provision for ballot reform and for woman suffrage in Mississippi may well arrest attention. The explanation, however, is simple. The purpose of the provision is to offset the colored vote. As the number of white husbands owning property is much larger than that of colored husbands, the white vote would be largely re-enforced. But whatever the object of the provision, its practical operation would demonstrate the advantage or disadvantage of the vote. If, as in Wyoming, it should be found entirely satisfactory, Mississippi in one political reform, without the least sympathy with it, would have taken precedence of Massachusetts.

There are other important propositions in the Mississippi Convention. Last week we described the wretched system of leasing convicts. The statement of the facts was the strongest argument. The committee on the subject has reported in favor of the abolition of the system on and after January, 1895, and for the establishment of a prison farm in place of the penitentiary; also for a reformatory school, with constant separation of the sexes, and of juvenile offenders from association with hardened criminals. The long postponement of the abandonment of the convict-leasing system is inexplicable. The lease to the Gulf and Ship Island Railroad Company was cancelled two years ago. There are a few convicts in the State-prison at Jackson well cared for. But the mass of them, some 400 in number, are leased in squads of ten to thirty to persons in various parts of the State. There are thus twenty or thirty convict camps, which are the seats of great wretchedness. It is not easy to understand why a system of suffering which has been thoroughly exposed, and which is so bad that the Convention proposes to abolish it utterly, should be continued for five years. But the general work of the Convention will command universal attention.

IRELAND IN AMERICA.

MR. ERASTUS WIMAN, in a late address to the Sons of St. George, discussed the question of Irish political ascendency in America, for which he could not readily find an explanation. It seemed to him strange that "a people unable to govern themselves should, without previous experience and without the slightest knowledge of government, practically govern the greatest nation under the sun.... Generally without advanced education, in possession only of the natural shrewdness, humor, and adaptability which characterize the Irish people, they have achieved a power unequalled elsewhere in the world's history." Mr. Wiman here touched a question which is one of the most curious and interesting in the history of American development. It is one also which is very seldom treated by Americans, and most seldom by public men. The phenomenon of Irish prominence, however, is mainly confined to cities. In country communities which are not suburban, and in Congress and the higher national offices, it is not remarkable. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. Even in parts of New England, for instance, the original English stock and unbroken ascendency are yielding to Irish proprietorship and control.

The Chicago *America*, commenting upon Mr. Wiman's remark, says that the Irish "influence is due to the lack of advanced education among their masses, and that they are handled as a vast well-disciplined army by the shrewdest Church organization ever known in history. It is not to their natural shrewdness, humor, and adaptability that the Irish owe their preponderating influence in America, but to their implicit obedience to the commands of the Church, which has exercised such a baleful influence over their growth." But this statement does not recognize the fact that the Church influence is much weakened in the second generation in America. The constant influences of life under free institutions are stronger than the organized power of the priesthood. The explanation of the Irish mystery, to apply Disraeli's phrase to another race, it seems to us, lies mainly in the coincidence of the beginning of the great immigration with the establishment of universal suffrage. It was seventy years ago that New York, against the counsel of James Kent and a great body of her most respected citizens, adopted practically universal suffrage. A little later the flood of immigration began to pour in, and the host of new voters became a prize of party contention. The rest followed. The tone of public political speech was naturally one of flattery and adulation for the Irish. The bribery of place was soon brought into play. Politics was a better trade than productive industry. The new-comers clung to the cities, and as the patronage of government increased, and the party machinery which sprang from it became more extended and highly organized, the Irish were largely the beneficiaries.

This political servility to the Irish voters is shown most conspicuously in the fact that although the dominant force in determining the American national character, and in giving the impulse to the national life, is English, that the great political traditions and forms and usages of the country are English, and that except for this English race dominance America would not have been America, yet the common tone of American politics is hostile defiance of England and obsequiousness to Ireland. This disposition reached an amazing height when a Mayor of New York reviewed the Irish procession on St. Patrick's Day clothed in a suit of green, and when later the Board of Aldermen insisted that an Irish flag should be displayed upon the City Hall, as if New York were an Irish colony. This is the simple explanation of an ascendency in politics which is not creditable to the American character. Undoubtedly American citizens of Irish descent have risen by natural abilities and public services to just distinction. Old George Clinton was the son of an Irishman, but his Irish father was of English stock. The historian will hardly attribute the Irish prominence in American politics to great political genius, or habit, or natural ascendency, but mainly to the circumstances of the Irish arrival in the country.

A LATE PUBLIC DISGRACE.

In the *ante bellum* days personal difficulties on the floor of the House of Representatives had their origin in a controversy of vital importance which only a civil war could determine, and whatever was said, however ribald or angry, was of a kind that could be placed on record. The instigators of the brawls were generally fire-eating pro-slavery members, and the discredit fell wholly upon the Democratic party. But the late disgraceful row was wholly Republican and wholly contemptible. It arose during some talk about lard, and was due to a remark about attendance. But the words used by Mr. Cannon were such that neither the *Congressional Record* nor any newspaper in the country has ventured to reproduce them.

It is a small thing in itself, but the national disgrace of such a proceeding is not small, nor is it unimportant that the Speaker, the official guardian of the honor and the dignity of the House, should have practically condoned the offence. Whatever may be said of the late Democratic Speaker, Mr. Carlisle, no one of any party will deny that his parliamentary ability and his sense of official duty to the House saved the country from any shame so great as that which the other day Speaker Reed did not avert. The impulsive outburst of irritation from a member, however vile, is less astonishing than its deliberate protection by the Speaker.

The general good feeling with which the election of Mr. Reed as Speaker was received, and the universal confidence that his administration would be equitable, and command an approval as general as the welcome, have wholly disappeared. In these points no Speaker has ever so profoundly disappointed public expectation. It is doubtful whether a more arbitrary or unscrupulously partisan Speaker ever sat in the chair. It has been demonstrated fairly that his action in regard to the determination of a quorum was entirely unnecessary, while his practical suppression of debate upon the two most important measures of the session gives credibility to the remark attributed to him, "Thank God, the House is not a deliberative body!" All this was totally uncalled-for. It has given the Speaker, however, a personal notoriety which otherwise he would not have enjoyed. But it has cost him a reputation of which any American might have been proud.

GOOD SENSE AT THE BLUE-GRASS FAIR.

In the midst of the mere partisan heat and injustice of so much current public speaking the candid good sense of the remarks of Governor Boies, of Iowa, at the opening of the Great Blue-grass Exposition at Preston, Iowa, is most timely and delightful. Charles Francis Adams said in his eulogy on Seward that it seemed shameful to praise a statesman for simple honesty, and it seems no less so to praise him for manly independence, for that is a quality which ought to be taken for granted in every man who is held to be worthy of high public trust. But we presume there are very few Governors or Senators or Representatives in the country who would speak so plainly and strongly on party relations as Governor Boies spoke at the fair.

The Governor said that upon such an occasion he was properly expected to speak for all the people of the State, and not for a party or section of them, because there could be no party or section in the good feeling and wishes which all citizens cherished for the objects of the fair. He then proceeded to follow the natural course of such reflections.

> "Political issues, like everything human, are subject to ceaseless change, and no man who is a patriot in the true sense of that term can shut his eyes and blindly follow any party without question wherever it may lead. Government policies that were appropriate at one stage of our national existence are not necessarily so at another. Political parties have been repeatedly formed, have often flourished for a time, and then decayed. They were not always born in vain. Many of them have performed their mission, and gone to their rest when their work was done. And so, too, with many of the questions which have divided political parties as they now exist with us. They have been settled, and are no longer of interest except as matters of history, and his is no patriot's hand that, on either side, would drag these skeletons from their graves, and attempt to hide behind them the living issues of the present hour."

The Governor disclaimed any purpose of urging adherence to an existing party.

> "My only object is to express the importance of faithful investigation by individuals of political questions as they arise, and their duty to both State and nation to lend the weight of their judgment to a proper settlement of such questions without reference to the party that may be injuriously or otherwise affected thereby. I want my countrymen to realize that there are obligations they owe society at large that are paramount to any they owe a fraction of that society which has been organized into a political combination for the attainment too often of selfish ends. I do not wish to underrate the importance of organized efforts for the accomplishment of every important purpose. I know that it is through the aid of political parties alone that in a government like ours such results can be reached, but what I do wish to teach is that the mere name of the party with which you act is not a matter of vital importance in determining what your vote should be. If any danger threatens the institutions of this country, it is found in a blind adherence by our people to political organizations without reference to changing issues, which in the nature of things must constantly arise."

This is the patriotism of Washington; and Governor Boies, as we understand, practises what he preaches. He has been severely censured by politicians of his own party for certain proper and admirable acts, such as the retention of the State Librarian and some other State officers, who are thoroughly fit officers, but Republicans. Such views and such manly courage and independence are much more truly American than the reckless and unscrupulous partisanship with which we are familiar in high places.

THE JOINT DEBATE.

A system of debates upon any great public question at cattle-shows and agricultural fairs and other rural meetings is much more common in the South and West than in this part of the country. The most famous of such tournaments was the series of debates in Illinois between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas thirty years ago—a discussion which was of the highest national advantage. But the debaters must be very carefully chosen if the result is to be satisfactory. In such a popular debate it is often something very different from the force and ability of the argument that carries the audience, and with their applause the prestige and advantage of the occasion.

It is very doubtful whether Sheridan, who was a much lighter weight than Burke, would not easily have turned the laugh against his competitor and carried off the apparent honors in such a controversy. So a serious, logical, dry, conclusive argument upon the tariff would have a poor chance at a cattle-show against the rollicking sarcasm and droll perversion of a nimble-witted jester. It would be very much better for the cause of the serious advocate that he should speak alone. The reply of the funny man on the following day would not then affect the impression.

Many an able advocate has not the self-possession, the instant command of his resources, which such an encounter, largely impromptu, requires, and again his cause suffers. But all these chances may be avoided, and they are all overborne by the great consideration that a debate enables everybody, once at least, to hear the other side. In politics every man reads his party paper, and knows the adverse argument only as his paper represents, or rather misrepresents it. But in the debate he hears it stated by a chosen champion who comprehends it and earnestly believes it. It is thus because he hears the other side as the other side believes it that the joint debate is serviceable.

THE ABUSE OF NOISE.

The modern protest against unnecessary noise, such as the clang of church bells in cities, the shriek of locomotives in populous suburbs, and even the crusade against street bands and hand-organs, considered merely as noise, is indicative of advancing civilization. In London the street cries are ceasing, and the benefit of silence is coming to be generally recognized as promoting health and comfort. Those who live in cities must always protect themselves against noxious odors and useless noise. The uproar of the night before the Fourth of July has been largely suppressed. It is a savage and barbarous taste which delights in noise.

But one of the most universal and outrageous of the abuses of noise is as yet unchallenged and unremedied—the early steam-whistle. New York and other cities are already the centres of factory life, and the suburbs are full of all kinds of industries which must summon their workmen at an early hour. Along the Hudson River the abuse of early uproar is in many places, we are informed, almost intolerable. Brick-yards at some points of the river shore begin in summer to blow their whistles as early as half past three in the morning, and with such penetrating and persistent fury that those who live miles away are disturbed.

Elsewhere other factories, at other hours, take up the fierce noise, one from another, and the harm to the sick and the discomfort to everybody are indescribable. The fabled necessity of the railway locomotive shriek disappeared before steady public remonstrance. The horrible odors that oppressed the upper part of the city have been somewhat relieved by public protest. The reasonable proprietors of factories and other industrial works ought to perceive that it is not necessary to startle the whole town or country in order to summon their workmen. Here is a reform in which all good citizens can unite irrespective of party.

PERSONAL.

Hannibal Hamlin, the veteran Maine politician and ex-Vice-President of the United States, is an inveterate clubman and card-player, and enters into a game of whist or auction pitch with as much zest as if he was a college Sophomore. His health is rugged, and he scorns such protectives against the elements as umbrellas and overcoats. In fact, he is the youngest old man in Bangor.

—The Empress of Austria has started in a steam-yacht on a cruise which is to include the Scottish coast and some of the ports of France, Spain, Africa, and Majorca. She travels under an assumed name.

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes recently observed his eighty-first birthday among his books and flowers at his summer home in Beverly Farms. A number of visitors called upon him and a variety of gifts arrived by mail or messenger. Like other people of literary eminence, Dr. Holmes is pestered by autograph hunters and with requests to have manuscripts examined and passed upon. With the latter he rarely complies, although he generally writes the desired autographs. His eyesight is failing him so that he has to employ an amanuensis to read and answer the most of his letters.

—Dr. John Mackintosh, the Scotch historian, is a seller of second-hand books at Aberdeen.

—Frederick John Cridland, who has been in the British civil service for the past thirty-five years, holding various positions in this and other countries, has recently resigned the post of Consul at Charleston, South Carolina. During the war he was Consul at Richmond, Virginia, and for twenty years held a similar office at Mobile, Alabama. He held a subordinate position under G. P. R. James, the novelist, who was the British representative at Norfolk, Virginia, during the yellow-fever outbreak in 1858, and distinguished himself by his intrepid work among the sick.

—The determination of M. Gounod, the composer, not to visit this country for the present has resulted in a suit being brought against him in France by an American dramatic agent for breach of contract. He had agreed, it seems, to personally conduct sixty concerts in which his works were to be produced, and for this he was to have received $200,000.

—Rev. Dr. Joseph E. King, who has been the Principal of Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, at Fort Edward, New York, for over a third of a century, and a teacher for a longer time, has had over sixteen thousand young men and women under his instruction. He was graduated from Wesleyan University in the same class with Bishop Andrews, and although sixty-six years old, is in vigorous health.

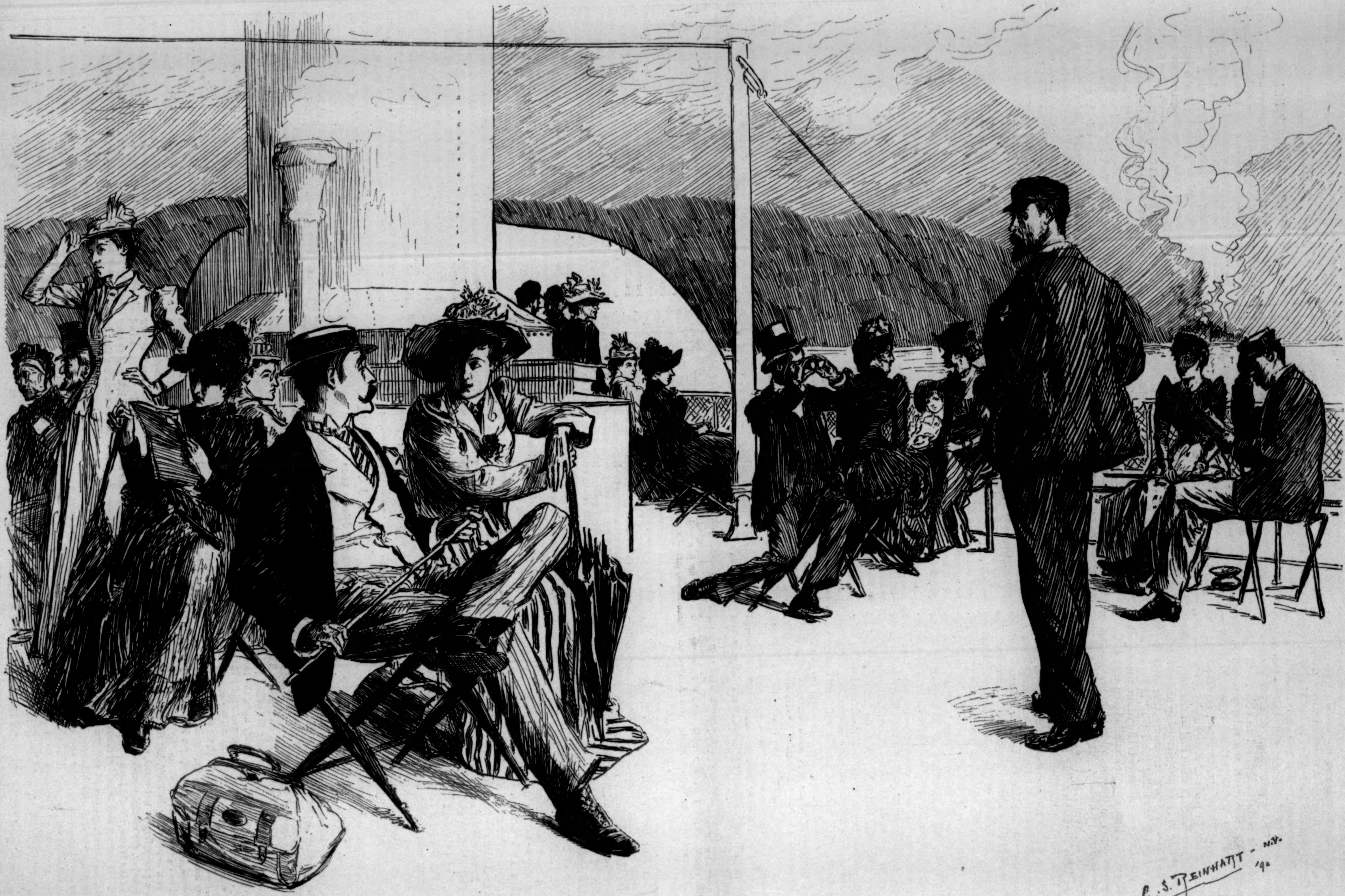
—Lord Tennyson is hale and hearty at eighty years, and says he expects to write at least one more poem before he stops. He has nominated Lord Lytton as his successor as Poet Laureate, but the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Lord Salisbury each has a different candidate in view, it is said.

—Dr. Merrill E. Gates, of Rutgers College, has accepted the Presidency of Amherst.

—Comanche, the old war-horse ridden by Colonel Keogh in the battle of the Little Big Horn, and who was one of the two survivors of the Custer massacre, is an honored pensioner at Fort Riley, Kansas, and is spending his old age in ease and comfort.

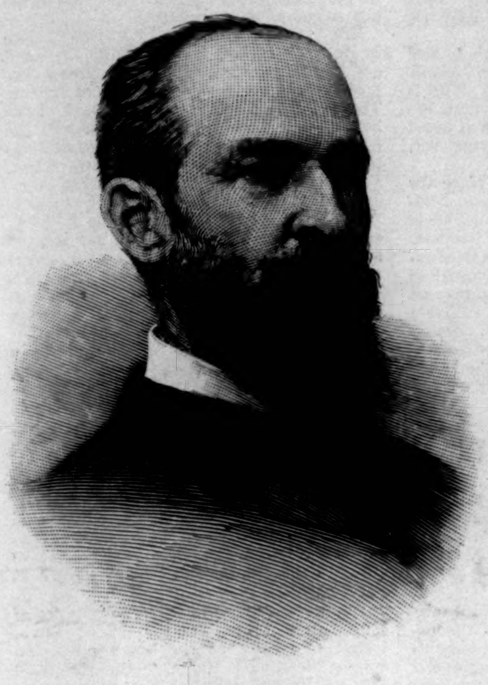
—Princess Victoria of Prussia, daughter of the late Emperor Frederick, and granddaughter of Queen Victoria, is about to marry a German Prince, and will have a dowry of ten million marks. Her annual allowance will be seventy-five thousand marks, besides such gratuities as Emperor William may bestow on her.

—Belva Lockwood, ex-Presidential candidate, has returned from Europe, and while attending the universal peace union at Mystic, Connecticut, spoke strongly against strikes, expressing the belief that disputes between capital and labor should be settled by arbitration.

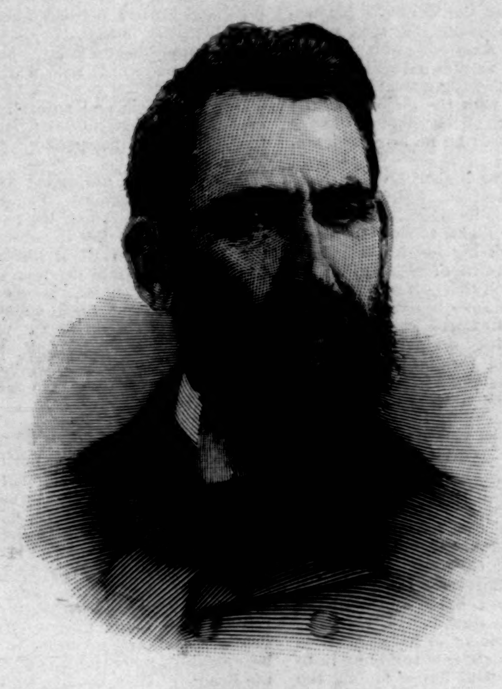


C. S. REINHART - N.Y. '90

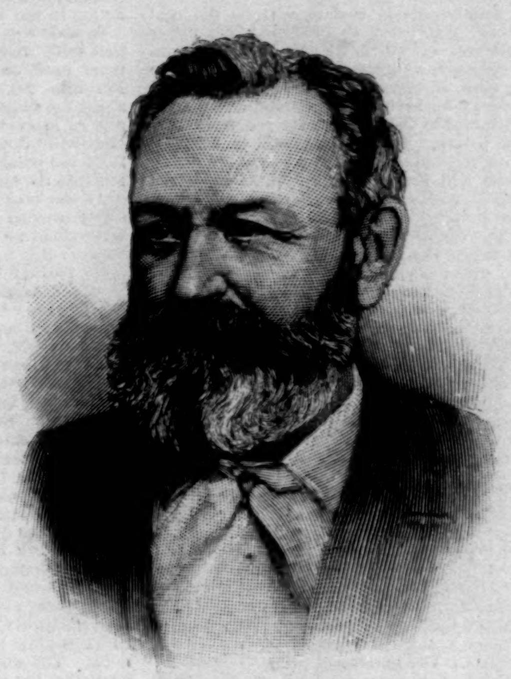
UP THE HUDSON.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 718.]



HON. CARROLL S. PAGE, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF VERMONT. [See Page 723.]



HON. J. P. EAGLE, RE-ELECTED GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS. [See Page 723.]



P. G. BALLINGALL, PRESIDENT OF THE IOWA COAL PALACE ORGANIZATION.

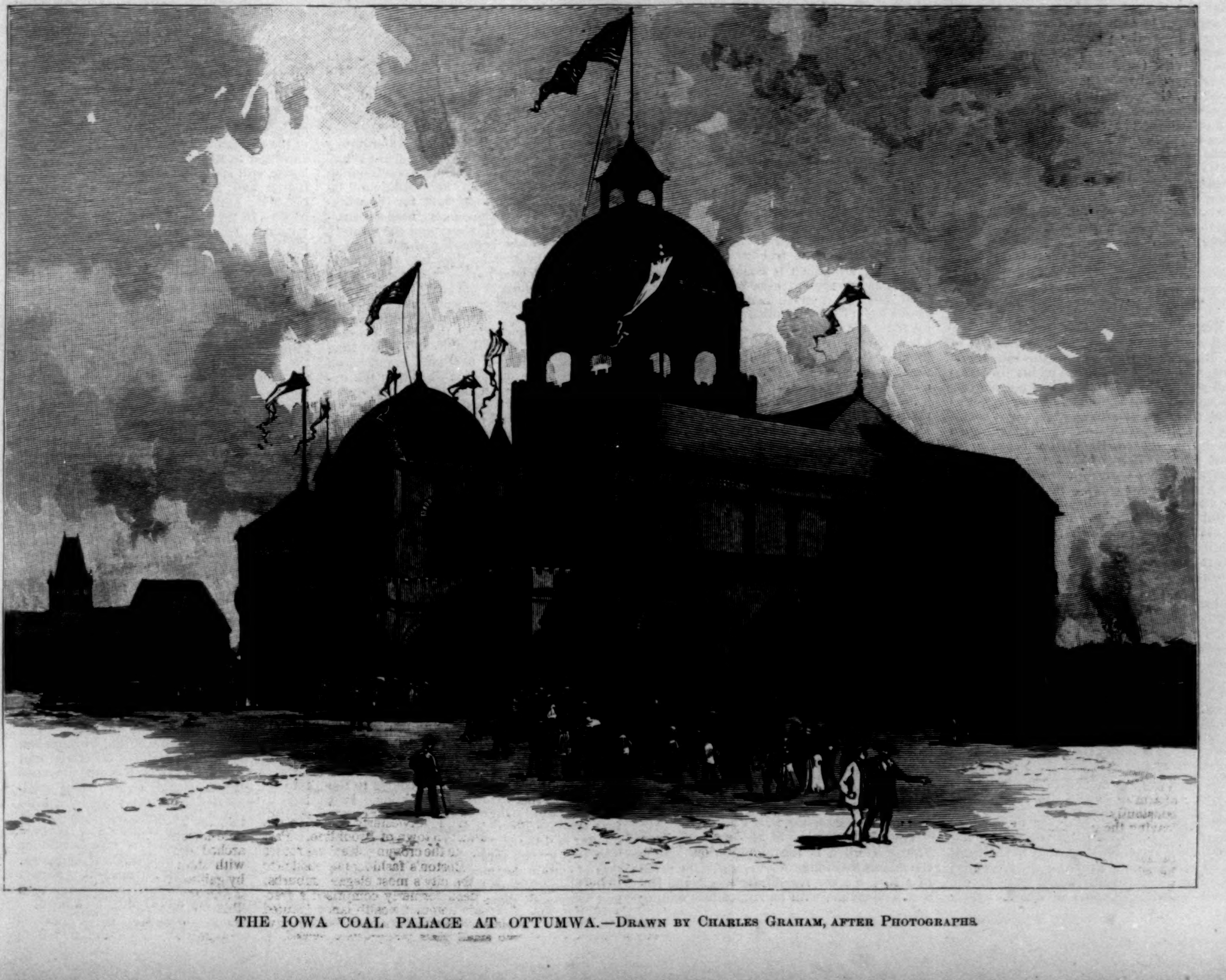
A PRAIRIE COAL PALACE.

The great Coal Palace which is being built at Ottumwa, Iowa, is fast approaching completion. In fact only the finishing touches remain to be put on it. In many respects it is an astonishing enterprise. At Ottumwa all the roads centre upon the river-front, back of which the city rises in terraces to the summit of the encompassing bluff. The Coal Palace is just beside the great "Q" depot upon the main street, and in the very heart of the city. At one side of it is the "Sunken Park." The palace covers almost a block of ground, and is 200 feet in the clear to its highest central tower. The cost of the building will be between $25,000 and $28,000.

But think of a castle of coal in what to the average resident in the East has always been looked upon as a purely agricultural State! Yet that is what it is. Great hewn blocks of the glistening bituminous product laid in red mortar form the massive walls, veneered over with solid sheathing plank. And the ten counties which form the Coal Palace League (though the citizens of Ottumwa are building the palace) produce over three million tons of this same coal every year, and offer to the manufacturer and the artisan the cheapest fuel in the world. For steam purposes it sells for 37 cents per ton in Ottumwa. Ottumwa itself is a prosperous, busy place, which since it was founded, some time in the '30's or '40's, has been known for its financial solidity. In the West it is called the "Lowell of Iowa" because of the extensive manufacturing interests settled here. Just now it is the scene of a great awakening. New business blocks are going up everywhere, a sixth railroad is building into town, the streets are being paved with brick, the new government building is completed, and the population is growing at a rate remarkable even for a pushing Western town.

The palace will be two stories in height, the first being about 20 feet in the ceiling, the other reaching to the top of the structure, varying from 40 to 60 feet. The main entrance is on Main Street, through the grand arches in the tower to the right, whose summit is near the grand tower. That tower is 36 feet wide, and of the same proportions as the one to the left, which faces the sunken garden on Washington Street. On the rear end are two semicircular turrets, one of which can be seen at the extreme right. A couple of similar towers somewhat more elongated jut out from the other side toward the opposite, or Washington, end of the palace, while a similar tower to that first described, forming the Main Street entrance, completes the symmetry of the palace on the opposite side. In this tower is the stage, 30 by 36, and the main hall, with the balconies ascending direct from the stage, will give the building an auditorium with a seating capacity of from 4000 to 5000. On either side of the main room, or nave, of the building are the spaces above and below for the exhibits of the nine surrounding counties and from abroad.

"Coal is light and power," say the Coal Palace men, and this aphorism is realized in this palace. Over the arched windows filled with colored lights at the back of the broad stage, a natural water-fall will be a unique feature. Here a stream of water thirty feet broad will fall forty feet into a pond banked with ferns and flowers upon the stage. Seven hundred party-colored electric lights arranged behind this sheet of falling water (which will consume 1,600,000 gallons



THE IOWA COAL PALACE AT OTTUMWA.—Drawn by Charles Graham, after Photographs.

daily) will shed a glow of color over the scene at night.

Another novel feature will be the coal mine. Ascending to the tower, the upper platform of which will be an aerial dancing pavilion capable of accommodating fifty couples, an elevator can be entered and the descent made through a dark shaft lined with coal to the labyrinthine recesses under the palace. There miners will be at work with pick and lamp, and a meek and docile mule will drag about a typical mine car loaded with the concentrated "heat, light, and power."

The sunken garden, like the mine, will be below the level of the street, the sloping green from the Main Street and depot sides being planted with flowers and plants. Fountains, delightful walks, rare tropical plants and foliage will be utilized to add to its beauty.

Years ago the Des Moines River plunged in mighty torrents over the spot the palace adorns. The "Q" came into the city, and finding no better right of way, pushed out on trestle-work and embankment across the bend in the river. This changed the course of the stream, and soon a slough was encased, which was reclaimed, and Colonel Ballingall became possessor of it. It has never been filled up completely, and was thus known as the "Sunken Park." The main floor and great balconies of the palace will be given over to the general exhibits of the counties, including mineral and agricultural products, ethnological, anthropological, numismatic, botanic, zoological, antiquarian, and art collections. The number of private collections which have been tendered for exhibit is surprisingly large. Perhaps no greater museum has ever been collected outside of the large cities of the East than that which will meet the eye of Coal Palace visitors from September 16th to October 11th. The great space reserved for the machinery exhibit will all be occupied. This will include displays of all the more interesting of the modern labor-saving devices and the ingenious mechanism with which science encroaches upon the arts and industries. A great display of electrical machinery of all kinds will be a leading feature of this department.

Primarily the Coal Palace will represent the ten counties adjacent to it, so productive of cheap fuel. Secondarily, but of no less importance, it will represent the best of the numerous manufactories of the Hawkeye State, for it is to be "The Iowa Coal Palace and Industrial Exhibit." The coal region of Iowa is not extensively mentioned in the geographies, perhaps, and yet these ten counties—Wapello, Marion, Monroe, Appanoose, Davis, Keokuk, Mahaska, Lucas, Jefferson, and Van Buren—last year mined over 3,500,000 tons of coal, employed in the mines over 8000 men, and paid for labor $2,000,000. Each of these counties will have its own "day" at the palace, when the people will be expected to turn out *en masse*. Besides these, there will be Iowa, Soldiers', Labor, Missouri, Miners', President's, and Woodman's days. On Soldiers' Day General Alger is expected to be present; on Railroad Day Hon. Chauncey Depew will be the attraction; and on President's Day the President of the United States will be present; and other celebrities will grace the palace at different times. The palace officers are: President, P. G. Ballingall; Vice-President, Samuel Flagler; Secretary, Calvin Manning; Treasurer, W. T. Fenton; Directors, J. W. Garner, Henry Phillips, J. E. Hawkins, W. T. Harper, George Withall, Dr. W. B. Smith, J. G. Meek, A. W. Johnson, J. C. Manchester.

H. S. Kneedler.

THE AMERICAN RHINE.

Every traveller in Germany is familiar with the poetic and picturesque beauties of the Rhine, and if he be an American he recalls with pride that it has in his own free land a rival. The Hudson has not old castles cropping out at intervals along its banks from whose mouldering parapets past centuries look down with approving content upon the lordly lapse of the stream below. He must grant that this charm, the creation of man, adds a zest to the German stream which the American one lacks, and must needs lack for all time.

But most stanch Americans will hold that this is the only superiority which the Rhine can boast over the Hudson. So much must be granted. And who feels much reluctance in conceding it? Ruins are something we do not hanker after on these cisatlantic shores. Decay is not the attribute of youth.

The Hudson is one of the most beautiful rivers the country can boast. No one who travels along its silvery course from New York city to Albany can deny this. A trip by day up the Hudson is one of the most fascinating which can be enjoyed.

Seated comfortably in the prow of one of the swift river boats, a beautiful panorama unrolls itself before the tourist's eye. The charm of the winding river's varied banks is constantly changing. For some time after leaving the pier the thickly clustered houses of New York city lie along the eastern shore of the river. The first historic spot which he will gaze upon is the latest in order of being. The beautiful point where swaying elms crown an elevated portion of the bank which commands a ravishing view both up and down the stream is that part of the Riverside Drive just back of which, in their modest temporary resting-place, repose the remains of the great general who guided the nation in war and in peace.

A little way above, the Palisades begin—that lofty wall of perpendicular rock which rears itself on the west side of the river. For miles the solid natural bulwark extends along the brightly flowing stream. Its dignity is in keeping with the majesty of the Hudson at this stage of its progress when it is on the point of pouring its brimming waters into the bay.

As the boat steams higher up the river, softly wooded banks from which beautiful villas stand forth line its shores. On a hazy summer day a mist seems to rise like a veil from the gently flowing stream, and falls lightly about the verdure of its banks.

Town after town at this part of the course reveals itself as a summer resort, not for the casual visitor, for transient guests are not considered, nor are they desired, except "by special request," but for the opulent merchants of the bustling city a few miles below who live in these exquisite rural retreats. Their fortunate proximity to the scene of labor for business men makes it possible for many persons to reside all the year round in Riverdale, Yonkers, Mount St. Vincent, Dobbs Ferry, Irvington, and Tarrytown.

Many have their steam-yachts in which to voyage down in the cool morning to Wall Street and stocks, as Jay Gould, whose immense *Atlanta* is the execration of the men at the docks along the river. Daily, in summer, the little Crœsus is borne up the stream to Tarrytown in the dusk of the late afternoon. The displacement of his yacht is so great that big waves are sent tumbling in to shore, where they breed havoc among the lightly fastened boats which lie at the different piers.

Higher up the stream the picturesque site of West Point meets the eye, and the stream broadens and winds till it fades away in the blue distance. Soon the bold, irregular outline of the Catskill Mountains furnishes a lordlier element to the view, which, as a rule, is gentle and soothing in its soft grace.

Above the region of the mountains the stream falls off in poetic character and dignity of volume, though the big steam-boats make their way as far as Albany. But by the time the traveller on the stream which owes its name to bold Hendrik Hudson has reached this term, he has been glutted with beauty.

If anything can compare with the entrancing charms of the great river as it sweeps down to the sea with the sunlight weaving glittering threads through its laughing waves, it is the same stream at night when the moon floods the dark rippling waves with glistening stretches of cold brightness. The dark masses of the woods rise against the sky, and the lights from the villas prick through the dusky wall, or the glittering electric lights of some mountain hotel hang like a tangle of stars on the crest of the hills.

Viewed at any time when the day is fair, the traveller up the Hudson will candidly admit that it is a noble river, fit to be mentioned with other lordly streams. It is a show stream, one the natives like to have the foreign visitor behold, confident that he will bear away only the most delightful recollections of its varied beauty.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

Madison Square Garden is a familiar term to New-Yorkers. The old structure bearing this name seemed to have acquired from its use as a freight depot a dingy, sordid air which it could never shake off. The subsequent uses were various indeed, but the entertainment on which the *genius loci* must have smiled with the strongest sense of congruity of show to place was a boxing match or a circus. The atmosphere, moral and material, of the old garden had the suggestion of a half-way house between a stable and a "dive."

Nous avons changé tout cela, the "we" meaning such moneyed men as J. Pierpont Morgan, D. O. Mills, Hiram Hitchcock, Adolf Ladenburg, Herman Oelrichs, and half a dozen other men who handle securities by the bucketful. The new Madison Square Garden is beautifully flanked by thirty millions.

One-tenth of that dignified sum has been put into the building. The well-known architects McKim, Meade, & White have filled the entire square bounded by Twenty-Seventh Street, Fourth Avenue, Twenty-sixth Street, and Madison Avenue with a grandiose structure in buff-colored brick and terra-cotta. Even in this superb pile it is amusing to notice a sort of family likeness to the old dingy Madison Square Garden of the pedestrian contests and the bench shows.

The building is still unfinished, but hundreds of workmen are constantly employed in pushing it to completion. The lofty observation tower, which will soar to a height of 300 feet, has already started on its aerial course; while the theatre, which will be a *bijou* temple to Thespian art whose elegance will be surpassed by nothing of the kind in New York, is to be ready for *Doctor Bill* and Miss Martinot by the end of September. It will be called the Garden Theatre, a pretty and appropriate name.

The main feature of the new Madison Square Garden is the amphitheatre. It is the largest hall in the world; and if the pride of a New-Yorker regretfully recalls the Roman Colosseum, with its stupendous seating capacity, he may temper his humiliation with the thought that Rome did not boast two dozen places of amusement as New York does, and hence it behooved her to have one very big place indeed.

The amphitheatre is large enough to seat 10,000 people, and to hold, when the "Standing-room Only" stop is out, 12,000. This is a tidy multitude, and naturally enough the capacity of the amphitheatre is seldom taxed to the full. On the opening night, however, it was crowded.

The garden is unrivalled as a place for summer entertainments. The enormous sliding skylight covers half the roof, and when it is drawn back in the evening a cool temperature is assured. Half of the space is occupied by seats, while the rear is devoted to small tables and chairs. Here a man may sit and hear excellent music while he enjoys a Perfecto; and should he get warm enough to wish it, a cooling drink whose inebriating qualities are nil. What more could the *flâneur* or the business man ask for a summer evening in town?

A row of boxes runs around the amphitheatre. The scene taken by our artist for illustration gives a graphic portraiture of the social side of an entertainment in Madison Square Garden, with the *jeunesse dorée* beguiling itself by conversation with the pretty women in these boxes. In the distance the right-hand side of the stage is descried, the scene of the ballet dancers' twinkling *pirouettes*.

So far there have been no unpleasant mistakes in construction discovered. The acoustics are good, and no strain is necessary to hear Strauss's merry fiddlers when they evoke the Beautiful Blue Danube waltz from their seasoned instruments. The theatre will be a charming addition to the handsome playhouses of the city. It will hold about 1200 with its two galleries, and the stage is a very capacious one. On the opening night the walls will be hung with silks and tapestries. Later, they will be tinted in a soft cream, with touch of gold to lighten it.

There is a spacious restaurant at the southeast corner of the building; and should the *habitués* of the University Club just across the street tire of their *chef's* efforts, they will not have far to go to get a bite.

The gentlemen who have conducted this amusement scheme to such generous proportions have done much to merit the endorsement of an appreciative public, even to the securing of a very live business manager in the experienced "Jimmie" Morrissey. New York can take a pride and find pleasure in the new Madison Square Garden.

COPLEY SQUARE.

Great changes have taken place in the Boston Back Bay since the time early in the present century when that originally broad expanse of flats, pools, and marshes became daily at flood tide an unbroken sheet of water, extending from the base of Beacon Hill southerly and westerly to Brookline. Its easterly shore at that period was the low narrow isthmus Boston Neck, along which lay Washington Street, joining the peninsular trimountain city to the main-land. Between the years 1814 and 1821 a local water-power company built across this broad shallow bay three dams—the principal one, a continuation of Beacon Street, being the "Milldam," famous as a driveway—to serve for the working of tide-mills. These dams, used as causeways for travel to Roxbury and the western suburbs, were the beginning of the transformation of the marshy flats into the "made lands," which later have served as sites of the costlier residences of the city.

The water-power company in time became a land company, which so effectively advanced its purposes that the third of a century that has elapsed since 1857—the time when the making of new land began on an extensive scale in Boston—has seen the entire Back Bay turned into ground more or less solid and very valuable, a large part of which has been laid out in wide level streets and avenues, built about with fine public and private buildings. In the heart of this very fashionable residence section of Boston, known as the Back Bay District, lies Copley Square, formed by the junction of four great ways, which cross it at different angles. Reached by noble approaches between imposing public buildings and blocks of elegant private residences, this charming urban open space is set about with magnificent edifices presenting a strikingly beautiful variety of architectural modes, embracing the Gothic, Roman, Italian, Renaissance, and old German.

Within the square, St. James and Huntington avenues and Dartmouth and Boylston streets enclose two open triangular greens bordered with granite curbs. The parallel ways, Boylston Street and St. James Avenue, lie nearly east and west. Dartmouth Street crosses them at right angles on the westerly side of the square. Huntington Avenue, diverging from Boylston Street at a point just north of the square, leads diagonally through the plaza in its southwesterly course to the beautiful suburban town of Brookline. Past the two lawns lie the crossing street-car routes that traverse Boston's fashionable residence quarter and the city's most elegant suburbs. The two greens formerly comprised a fraction of certain commonwealth lands granted to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and two small plats respectively owned by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and by a private estate, which were purchased in 1882 by private subscription, and presented to the city to complete the square.

The principal approach to Copley Square is Boylston Street, leading from Tremont and Washington streets, which represent the business and amusement districts of Boston. This highway passes the green spaces of the historic tree-embowered Common and the floral beauties of the Public Garden, and enters the Back Bay quarter at Arlington Street. West of Berkeley Street, and preceding its entrance to Copley Square, Boylston Street is fronted on the left by the handsome building of the Young Men's Christian Association and the great Brunswick Hotel, with its soft tints of brownstone, its attractive grass-plats in front, and the wealth of Japanese ivy covering its façade. On the right, in a grassy rectangle occupying a full block, are three massive dignified edifices devoted to the arts and sciences: the Natural History Rooms, the Institute of Technology, and Huntington Hall. Straight ahead across the square there is visible, a mile beyond it, the foliage of the poplars that border the driveways of the Fens, or marshy Back Bay Park, and over them three miles farther away appear the wooded hills south of the Chestnut Hill reservoir. Looking southwest along Huntington Avenue, that broad highway seems to end at the foot of the picturesque eminence, crowned with fields and woods, known as Parker Hill.

Within the square the diverging routes of Huntington Avenue and Boylston Street bound two sides of the larger lawn, and across Dartmouth Street, facing the third side, rise the unfinished walls of that massive and classical structure, the new Boston Public Library, which, it is intended, shall be completed next year, and which will perfect the rich architectural setting of this beautiful city space. The cost of this edifice will be about a million and a quarter of dollars, and its unfinished walls of warm-tinted Milford granite indicate the stately proportions of its design. Of the Roman type of architecture, massive and simple, it is built about a great court 100 feet by 135 feet in area, an arcade of round arches on every side of the outer face relieving the heavy effect, and helping fully to light the interior. The front of the edifice is to bear the inscription, "The Public Library built for the people by the city of Boston in the year MDCCCLXXXVIII."

On the right and left of the carved granite seats on each side of the central arched doorway of the structure are groups of sculpture representing the arts and sciences, with single figures at the threshold representing Philosophy and History. Beyond the main doorway the spacious vestibule of stone opens into the grand marble entrance hall, and upon the main staircase, 20 feet wide, of Sicilian marble. This stairway leads upward from the first floor to the reading-room, a vast hall 218 feet long by 42½ feet wide and 50 feet high, finished in oak, with a wainscot extending from the floor 14 feet upward to the base of the great arched windows.

At the northwest corner of the square, at the intersection of Dartmouth and Boylston streets, stands the richly decorated and architecturally striking and handsome church of the Old South Congregational Society, the successor to the historic Old South Meeting-house, still standing at the corner of Washington and Milk streets. This structure, one of the finest of the many imposing church edifices of the Back Bay District, stands in a rectangle, fronting about 200 feet on Boylston Street and about 90 feet on Dartmouth Street. The church, the plan of which is cruciform, occupies two-thirds of the rectangle, and is built in the North-Italian Gothic style of architecture. Its plain massive stone tower and decorated belfry, which carries out the intention of the Italian campanile, terminates in a pyramidal spire 248 feet above the ground; and above the intersection of the arm of the cross the copper lantern, 20 feet square, into which the low-pitched roof opens, is pierced with 12 large arched windows, and surmounted with a pointed gilded dome. The walls of the buildings are of Roxbury stone, with freestone dressing worked in brown Connecticut and light Ohio freestone. Beneath the bearing arches are grouped stained-glass windows decorated with biblical scenes. The outside is highly and richly ornamented; but, consistently with this effect, the exterior surfaces have, as far as possible, been made broad and unbroken. A belt of gray sandstone runs along the walls, upon which are carved vines and fruits with birds and squirrels among them.

Between the south transept and the tower is a graceful arcade, across the front of which is inscribed, "Behold, I have set before thee an open door." On the face of the building, over the arcade, the different steps of the society's history are briefly described in the words, "First house of worship occupied in 1670; second house occupied in 1730; this house occupied in 1875." The main entrance to the church, through the front of the tower, is richly decorated and deeply recessed, and there is a side entrance into the tower from the arcade. The vestibule is separated from the nave by a high arched screen of Caen stone delicately carved, with shafts of Lisbon marble, and crowned by gables and finials, and the church interior is finished in cherry, and brilliantly frescoed. The remainder of the rectangle is occupied by the parsonage, and a chapel covered by a rich growth of ivy and fronted by a lawn.

Facing the square from the north side, in the block separated from the new Old South edifice by Dartmouth Street, is the church of the Congregational-Unitarian denomination known as the Second Church, in which Robert Laird Collier used to preach; and in the same block, almost concealed by ivy, is that famous private school known as the Chauncy Hall School, an institution in which many men afterward prominent have been graduated. Established in 1828 in Chauncy Place, in the north end of the city, it has followed the westward trend of the resident population, and by successive removals has reached its present location on the Back Bay. Handsome ivy-embowered dwelling-houses complete the block that bounds the north side of Copley Square.

Upon the left of the square, at its entrance, occupying the large space lying between Huntington and St. James avenues and Boylston and Clarendon streets, stands Trinity Church, one of the finest edifices in America. It is a stately building in the pure French Romanesque style, and its site allows an irregular and picturesque disposition of the accompanying chapel and cloisters. Built of Dedham granite, ornamented with brown freestone trimmings, its plan is in the form of a Latin cross, with a semicircular apse added to the eastern arm. The structure is surmounted by a grand central tower, 211 feet high—the most massive and the most ornate architectural feature in the city—which rises from four piers at the crossing of the nave and the transept. The clerestory of the edifice, carried by an arcade of only two arches, imparts lightness and grace to the structure, and a chapel of quaint design, connected with the main structure by an open cloister, adds to the striking effect. The inside decoration of Trinity is elaborate and finely devised, the vestibule of the church being finished in ash and oak, and the interior of the church and chapel in black walnut.

The fine lines of the architrave, the grateful tints of the mantling ivy upon its walls, and the subdued yet warm beauty of the stained memorial glass windows and of the mosaic-work of polished granite that decorates the apse; the green lawn and profusion of shrubbery in the open spaces about the edifice—are fitting details of the artistic completeness that makes this stately church a delight to the beholder. Consecrated on February 9, 1877, with imposing ceremonies, Trinity Church is the successor of the structure known as the Third Episcopal Church, founded in 1728, which stood at the corner of Summer and Hawley streets, before those ways became exclusively business thoroughfares. Of the long line of distinguished men who have occupied the pulpit of Trinity, the present rector, Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, stands foremost. One of the most famous preachers in the Episcopal denomination, he is a brilliant speaker, earnest and eloquent, unaffectedly pious, and supremely devoted to the sacred duties of his calling. His towering form as he strides along the Boston sidewalks, pushing forward rapt in his mission of church or other Christian work, is a notable sight that impresses the beholder with the recognition of an exalted ideal of the dignity, the duties, and the responsibilities of the pastoral mission.

On the south side of the square, at the corner of Dartmouth Street and St. James Avenue, the warm tints and handsome decorations of that structure of beautiful architectural proportions, the Museum of Fine Arts, lend a sumptuous warmth to the scene. This edifice, which holds high rank among the art museums of the world, is built of red brick, with mouldings, cappings, and ornamental work of red and buff terra-cotta showing above the thick growth of ivy overspreading its walls. In one of the two large artistically executed reliefs of the façade, "Genius of Art" is typified, with illustrations of art and architecture, both modern and antique. In the rondels of the other bass-relief depicting "Art and Industry," are carved the heads of distinguished artists and patrons of art, among which are represented the American artists Copley (whose name the square commemorates), Crawford, and Allston. Polished granite columns set off the white marble steps of the main entrance, which admits the visitor to the interior, with its picture-galleries and spacious halls, the treasure-house for superb collections of Egyptian, Greek, Japanese, and other forms of art, archaic and modern, and quaint specimens of workmanship of many peoples and ages. The museum is thronged with visitors at its times of free admission on Saturday and Sunday, and up and down its marble steps at all the week-day hours in which it is open trip fresh-cheeked girls, their faces lighted with high purpose and inspiration, to draw and model in the Art School, or copy statuary and paintings in the galleries.

On the southwest corner of the square is a stately and very handsome building of brownstone, containing the sub-post-office for the Back Bay District, and in its division nearest the square a wonderfully attractive grocery, the branch establishment of a great firm famous in Boston for the larger part of the present century. Behind the great plate-glass windows are visible artistic triumphs in the tempting arrangement of fruits, boxes, jars, and bottles, and the place seems in no way out of keeping with the refined character of its surroundings.

A bright serenity—a reverent repose, which yet is genial and joyous—is the prevailing tone of Copley Square. On fine days well-dressed children play quietly about it, and bevies of maids trundle nursery carriages along the sidewalks, alternating this promenade with the attractions of Commonwealth Avenue or the Public Garden. All that is gracious and sunny in Boston seems to find here its highest expression, and this impression is helped by the environment. Looking down the wide streets which open upon the square, with the foreground of the structures that border it, there are presented vistas of beautifully ornamented fronts of public and private buildings, massive towers, and lofty steeples, giving an effect comparable to that of certain chosen localities of Florence. Prominent in the scene, toward Commonwealth Avenue, is the beautiful tower of the Brattle Street Church, finished with the unusual decoration of a band of colossal figure sculpture surrounding it, between the belfry arches and the cornice. The tints and glows of magnificent sunsets beyond the Brookline and Cambridge hills open to view through the long vistas of Boylston Street and Huntington Avenue, and altogether Copley Square presents a scene of quiet and spacious elegance unparalleled by any corresponding locality in America.

No more fitting place than Copley Square could anywhere be found for the erection of a statue of ideal loveliness. In view of some of the inferior statues erected in the Common and Public Garden, there was until recently some apprehensive uncertainty among the cultured people of Boston as to what sort of figure might ultimately be placed there. This fear was allayed last winter when in response to a petition the Legislature created an Art Commission for Boston, composed of the Mayor of the city and the presidents respectively of the Museum of Fine Arts, the trustees of the Boston Public Library, the Boston Society of Architects, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This commission serves without pay, and it is defined in the bill creating it that "no statue, fountain, ornamental arch or gateway, monument, or memorial of any kind, shall be erected in any public street, avenue, square, place, common, park, or municipal building in the city of Boston unless the design and site for the same shall have been approved in writing by a majority of said commission, and their report shall have been made to the City Council."

Last winter the city government authorized the erection of statues of Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, and Admiral Farragut. Models were submitted to the commission by various sculptors, but that of Admiral Farragut—designed by the young Boston sculptor, H. H. Kitson—alone was accepted. The figure is to be a solid bronze casting eight and a half feet in height, with a pedestal of polished dark blue Quincy granite ten and a half feet high, and it will represent the admiral in full uniform standing on the bridge of his flag-ship, telescope in hand, as he gives the order for the fleet to advance upon the enemy. The statue will be completed in about six months, at a cost of $22,500, and although Charlesbank or the Marine Park, in the full breath of the sea which he loved, might seem to be a fitting place for the presentment of the naval hero of the civil war, there is some likelihood that it will be placed in Copley Square facing the Art Museum.

CLARENCE PULLEN.

SALVATOR, KING OF THE TURF.

THE racing season of 1890 will be celebrated in the annals of the turf as the great record-breaking year. Ever since Ten Broeck thirteen years ago, at Louisville, May 24, 1877, achieved endless fame by lowering Longfellow's record of 1.41 for the mile to 1.39¾ every turfite in the country has been ambitious to own the horse that could "smash" the record of Ten Broeck. Last year the St. Louis Association offered a prize with that purpose, and Maori ran a mile in 1.39⅘, being within one-twentieth of a second of Ten Broeck's time. Besides this, there have been several races in the East at 1.40, 1.40¼, 1.40½. This year Senator Stanford's three-year-old colt Racine began the assault upon the record at Washington Park, Chicago, June 28th: one mile, 107 pounds, time, 1.39½: and Raveloe, at Monmouth, July 31st, clipped another quarter of a second off the record, and down it went to 1.39¼; but it remained for Salvator, the King of the Turf, to eclipse even his own splendid achievements, and on the 28th of August, at Monmouth Park, 110 pounds up, and Bergen in the saddle, to lower the mile record to 1.35½.

Salvator is the property of J. B. Haggin, Esq., of California, and the owner of the world-famous stock farm Rancho del Paso. Salvator was bred by Mr. D. Swigert, of Elmendorf, near Lexington, Kentucky, foaled 1886, and sold as a yearling in the spring of 1887 for $4500 to Mr. L. Simmons for Mr. John Mackey, the direct representative of Mr. Haggin, and manager of his breeding interests. The sire of Salvator was that great imported race-horse Prince Charlie, king of the T. Y. C. in England. How he won the Two Thousand Guineas in 1872, beating Cremorne and Queen's Messenger, was unplaced for the Derby, but ran second to Wenlock for the St. Leger Stakes, are famous events of the past. Prince Charlie was foaled in France in 1869, but was raised by his breeder, Mr. H. Jones, of Upshall, near Newmarket, England; as a yearling he was leased during his racing career to Mr. Joseph Dawson, of Newmarket, and made his first appearance in the Middle Park Plate of 1871, which he won. He started in all twenty-nine times, being twenty-five times first. Prince Charlie's sire was Blair Athol by Stockwell out of that famous mare Blink Bonny. Here you have Birdcatcher, Melbourne, and Glencoe blood! His dam was Eastern Princess by Surplice, he by Touchstone, thus tracing back to the famous Shuttle mare. Prince Charlie was a deep red chestnut in color, of superb bone and substance, standing 16.3½, with a broad blaze, and both hind pasterns white.

He went to the stud in England in 1875, and was brought to this country in 1883, being purchased by Mr. D. Swigert at private sale. He landed in New York, September 24, 1883, and shortly after was sent to Elmendorf, where he died in 1888. His loss was an almost irreparable one to the American turf, as he was, without doubt, the speediest English race-horse imported since the great Leamington came over.

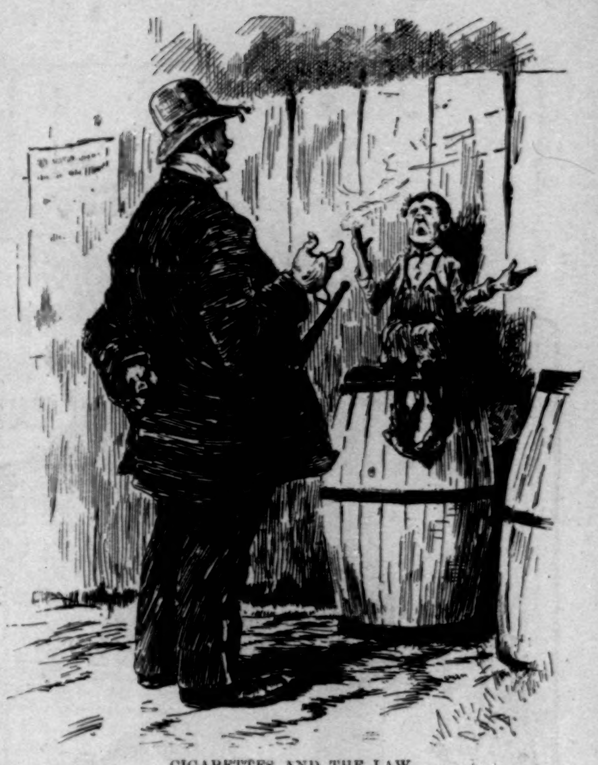
When we look for the "stamina" in Salvator's racing qualities, we come down to good old-fashioned American racing blood. Salina, his dam, is by the famous Lexington out of Lightsome, by imp. Glencoe out of that immortal mare, Levity, founder of the greatest and most triumphant racing family in the world, to which belong such famous ones as The Bard, Monarchist, Stamps, Louisette, Preciosa, Grinstead, Luke Blackburn, Leonatus, Bradamonte, Monitor, Frederick the Great, and a host of others to carry the name down to all posterity. Salina was bred by Mr. A. J. Alexander, of Lexington, Kentucky, and was foaled in 1868. Her career upon the turf was a noted one, and she proved a "stayer" at all distances.

At three years old, at Nashville, she won at mile heats in 1.47½ and 1.48, and 1½ miles in 2.45½. At Monmouth she won the Oaks, 1½ miles, 2.43½; the Continental Stakes, mile heats, 1.47 and 1.46¾; and the Robins Stakes then at two-mile heats in 3.40½ and 4.00½; and wound up her three-year-old form at New Orleans, winning at three miles in 5.43½. She was bred first in 1874 to imp. Glenelg, and again in 1875, the produce being that good race-horse Danicheff, and successively to Glenelg in 1876, '77, '78; to Virgil, in 1879 and '80; again to Glenelg in 1882 and '84; and the first time to Prince Charlie in 1885, foaling the ch. c. Priam. Barren in 1881, '83, '87, and '88. In 1886, bred to Prince Charlie again, the result being the famous Salvator.

Salvator is a bright chestnut colt in color, standing 16.1, with a broad blaze down his face, and both hind legs white almost to the knees; also the off front leg ditto, and one white pastern. He is a race-horse of the most perfect symmetry and highest type of conformation, of fine disposition, high courage, marvellous speed, and weight-carrying capacity unexcelled. He made his first appearance as a two-year-old in the Junior Champion of 1888, being unplaced to Proctor Knott; second by a head to the son of Luke Blackburn in the Futurity; then scored successive brackets in the Flatbush, Maples, Tuckahoe, and Titan stakes. At three began by winning the Tidal, the Realization stakes, 1⅝ miles, 122 pounds, beating his famous rival, Tenny, 109 pounds, a head, in 2.51; won the Lorillard; third in the Omnibus; and has not since been defeated. His four-year-old career began by his notable victory in this year's Suburban, after a grand race, 127 pounds, in 2.06⅘. The result of this contest was the memorable match race between Tenny (Garrison) and Salvator (Murphy), June 25th, at Sheepshead Bay, each 122 pounds, won by the son of Prince Charlie, after a desperate struggle in the homestretch, by a "throat latch," time, 2.05, demolishing all previous records on a circular track. Since that time he has done no racing except to walk over for the Monmouth Cup, July 12th, except on August 28th, in his great race and victory against Ten Broeck's record over the "straight" mile at Monmouth Park. In the three years of his racing career up to date he has won nearly $120,000 for his millionaire owner. It is a splendid tribute to the memory of the great Lexington, in connection with the mile record, that both Fanny Holton, the dam of Ten Broeck, and Salina, the dam of Salvator, should be his daughters.

Nomenclature of race-horses is one of the fine arts of turf lore. The usual procedure is to name the colt after his sire, and the filly after her dam. In this case Mr. Haggin reversed the usual custom, and taking the first three letters of Salina, evolved—Salvator! The name Salvator appears frequently in the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages, the Spaniards writing it also Salvador. It is indissolubly linked to the art world by Salvator Rosa. The word is of Latin origin; the Romans used to say Salve!—God be with you! Salvete—*salveto*—how fare you? be well; how do you do? Italian, Salvadore; French, Sauveur. Mr. Haggin is the fortunate possessor of the Queen as well as the King of the Turf.

HENRY P. MAWSON.

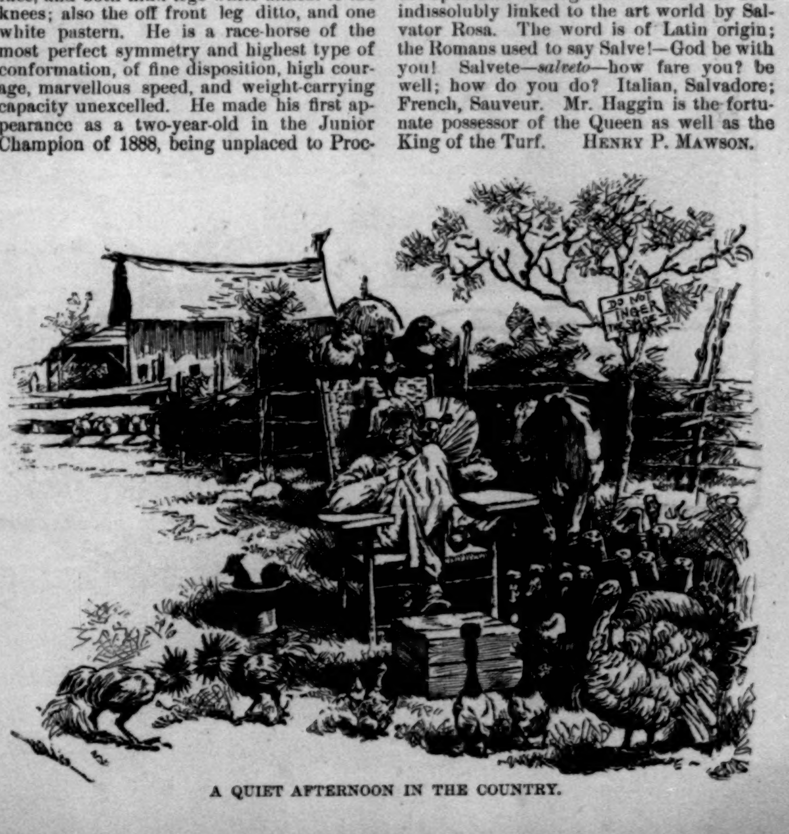


CIGARETTES AND THE LAW.

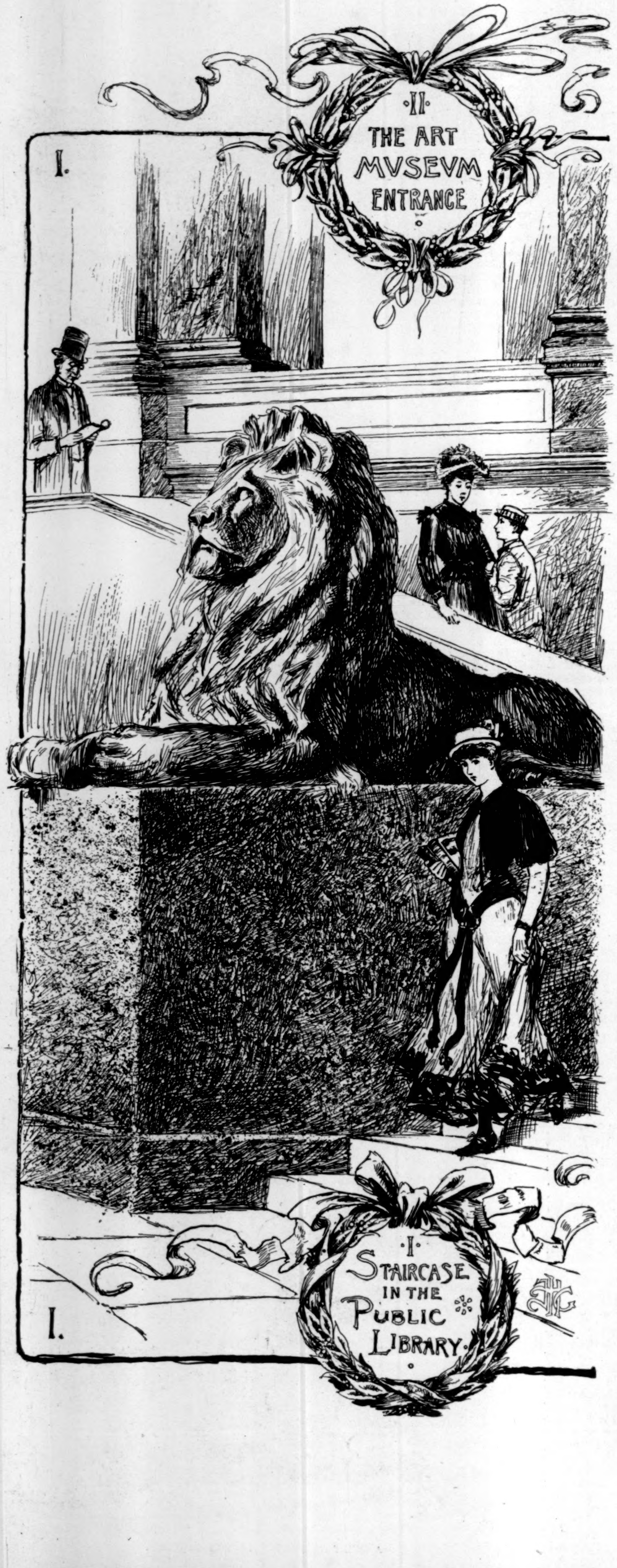
POLICEMAN NO. —. "Shmokin' cigarettes under saxteen! Have ter run yer in, young feller."

SMALL BOY. "Ain't smokin' no cigarettes—holdin' it fur me broder, wot's gone wid anoder cop ter prove a—a—a—"

SECOND SMALL BOY. "A alibi, Patsy, a alibi."



A QUIET AFTERNOON IN THE COUNTRY.



·II· THE ART MUSEUM ENTRANCE

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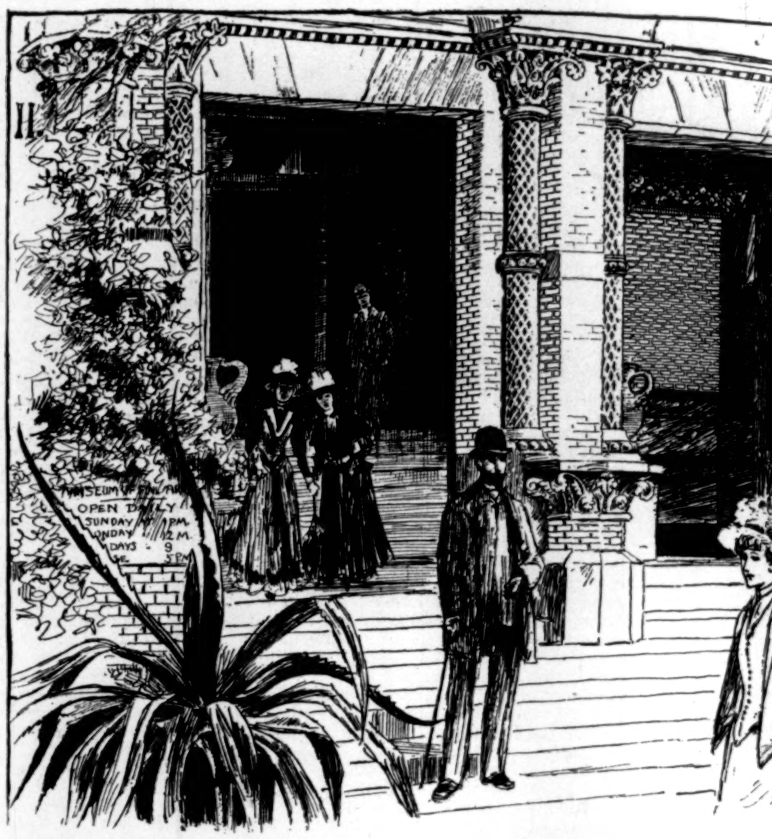
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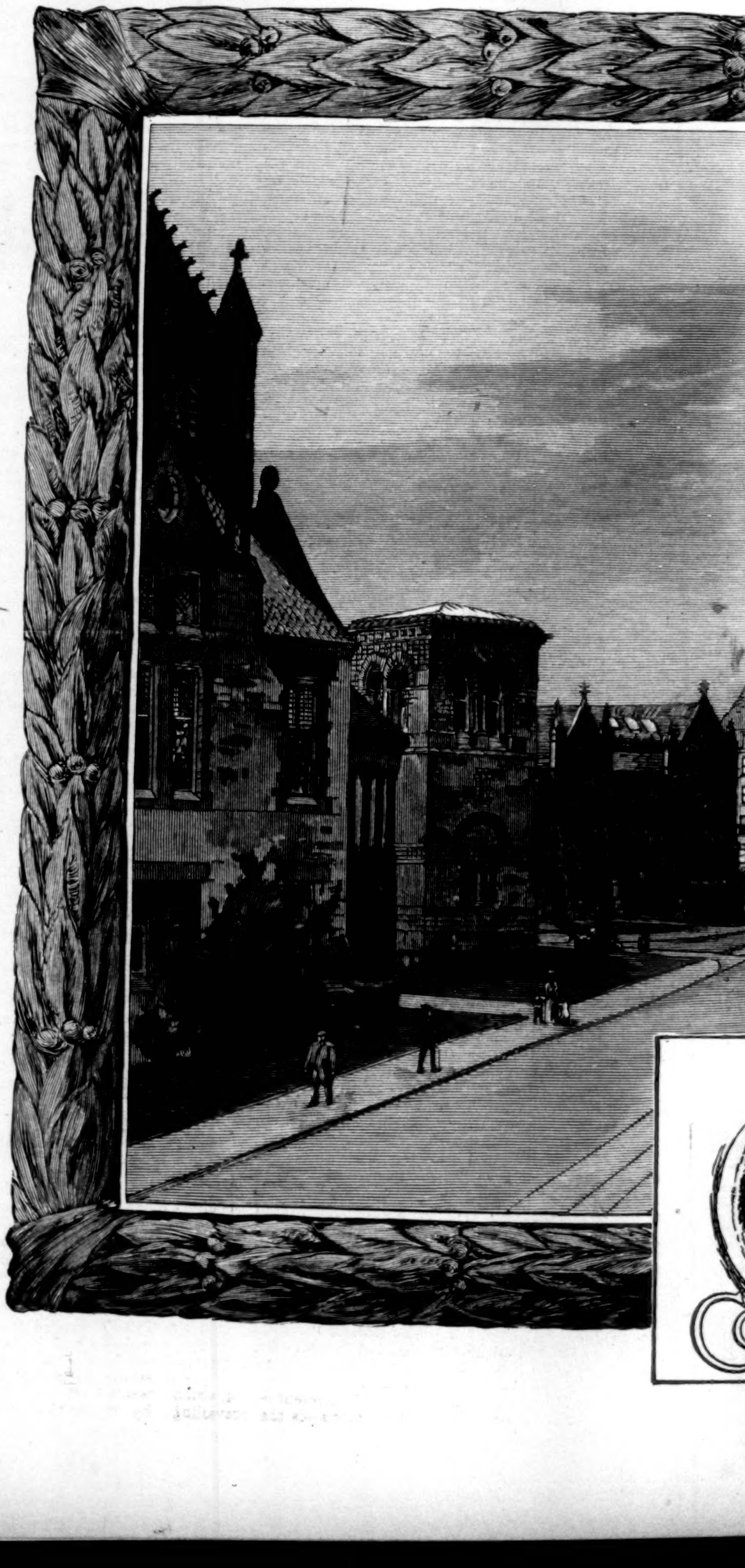

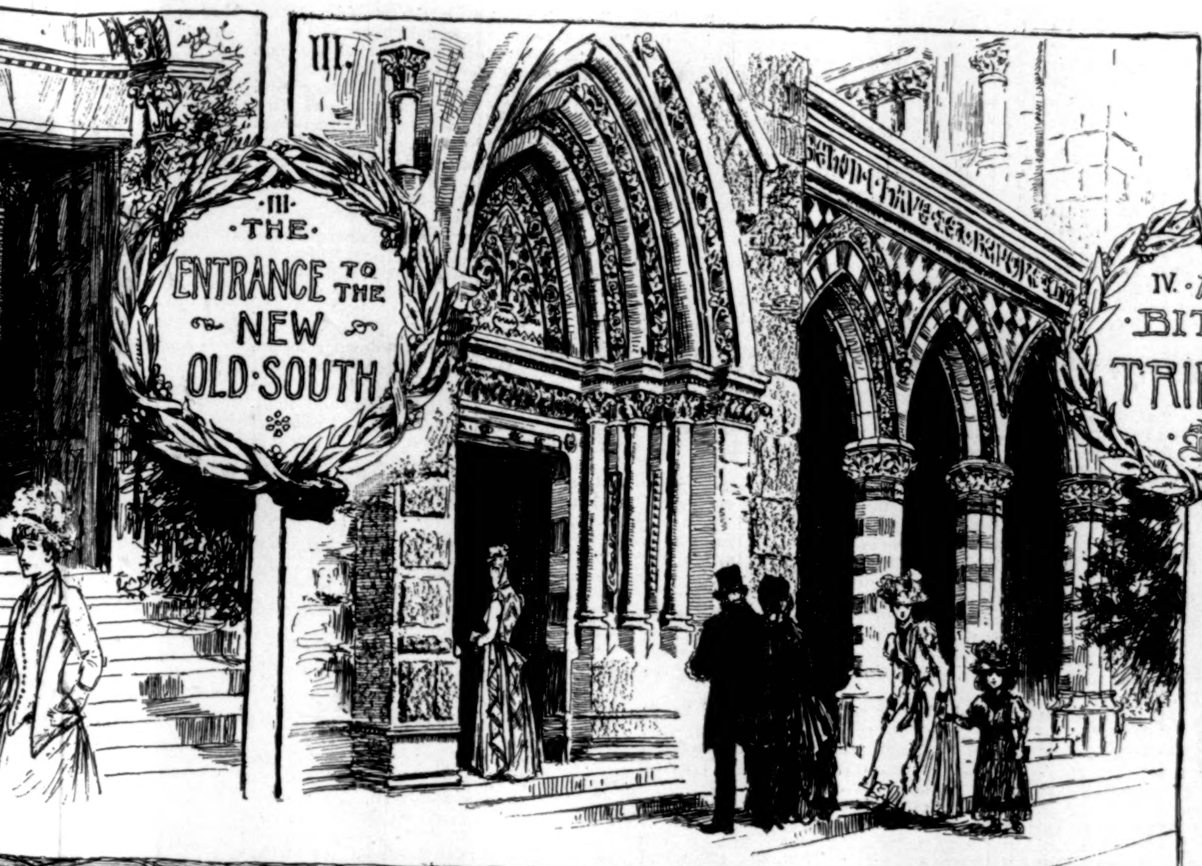
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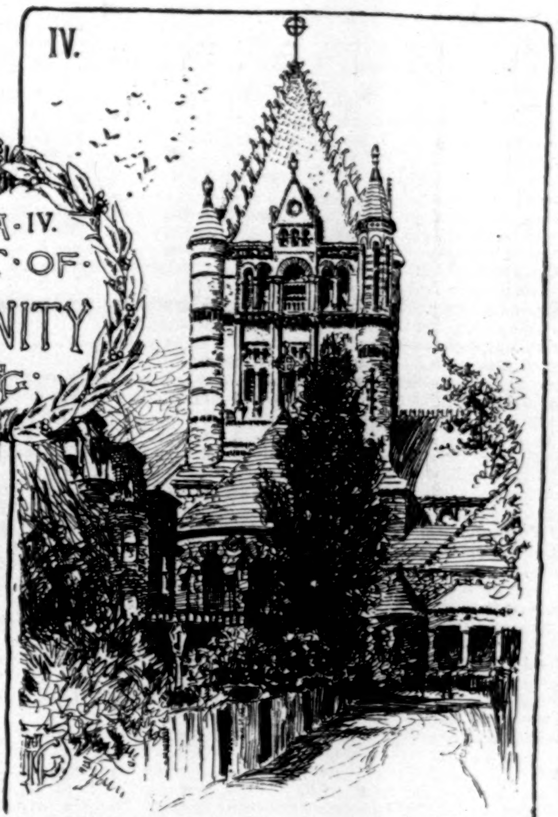
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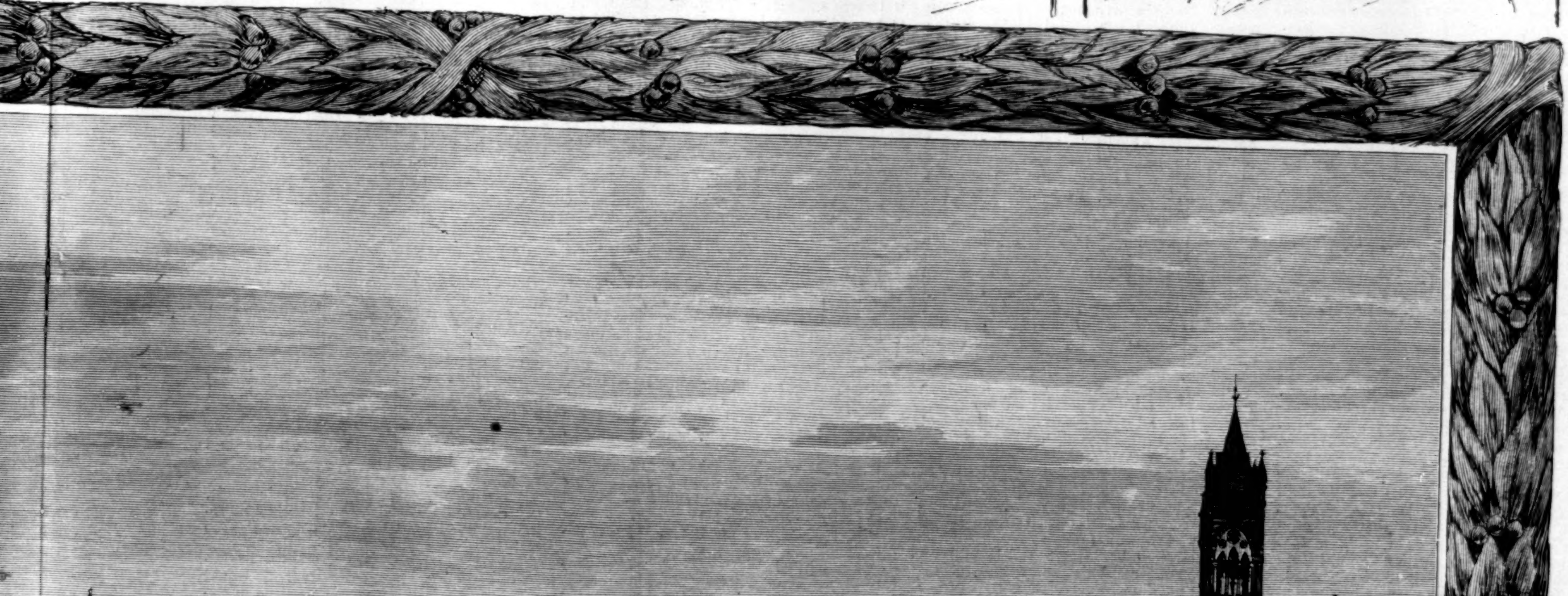
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OPLEY · SQVARE · BOSTON

COALS OF FIRE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"THINKS I, when Gran'marm Appleby died, now Lorenzo 'n' Lucreshy 'll make a match, for gran'marm was the one that kep' up the feud. She'd begin to talk about that piece of woodland, 'n' how Lucreshy's father tried to cheat 'em out of it, the minute Lucreshy come a-nigh; 'n' the very last time that she ever got up and prayed in meetin', she prayed that them that had tried to get their own relatives' propputy away from 'em might be brought to a better mind."

The latest news was being commented on over the fence which divided Mis' Isaiah Plummer's domain from that of Miss Seliny Wingate, the milliner. That portion of Miss Wingate's establishment which fronted upon the street was devoted to business, but her back yard was sacred to social intercourse and the exchange of strictly private opinions.

"I should 'most think that Lucreshy would have got right up 'n' prayed back at her," said Miss Wingate. "She's got spunk enough."

"The minister's wife said that Lucreshy was too good a Christian for that, but some thought 'twas because she wanted Lorenzo," said Mis' Isaiah.

"Like enough. There's a good many that wouldn't want him, though, he's such a terrible old bach. He won't let his hens out no time but Saturday afternoon, 'n' he won't eat a mite of victuals that ain't cooked jest so."

"Good land! I guess he'll get broke of that with that Scannell girl for a wife," exclaimed Mis' Isaiah. "Curls and hot biscuits, that's all there is to them Scannells. I shouldn't be a mite surprised if she didn't know how to make nothin' but saleratus bread."

"I wonder how he come to have her? You'd most think Lucreshy would have suited him better," said Miss Wingate, reflectively.

"Oh, she got round him; men is men," said Mis' Isaiah, sententiously. "She's nineteen 'n' pretty-lookin', 'n' Lucreshy's thirty-five 'n' plain. That tells the whole story to them that knows men folks."

"He's a real villain, ain't he?" said Miss Wingate, with an appearance of satisfaction.

"Well, I don' know now as we'd really ought to say that," said Mis' Isaiah, with the superior air of one who is capable of taking a broad view of things. "I don't expect he ever give his word to Lucreshy. 'Twa'n't no more 'n an understandin'. I shouldn't wonder if it kind of give a zest to it when they was young that they was forbid to speak to one another, 'n' mebbe Lorenzo had a feelin' that 'twa'n't manly to give in to gran'marm, 'n' that made him stick to Lucreshy. Milkin' her cow, 'n' hoein' her garden sass, 'n' shovellin' her paths in winter is courtin' or it ain't, jest as it happens. She nussed him with the typhoid fever last winter, jest after gran'marm died; but then they was second cousins, and there wa'n't nobody else; and they do say he give her two loads of dressin' for her garden, and had his hired man plant all her potatoes, so I guess that made 'em about square. Some would say that Lucreshy hadn't no great to complain of. It's hard for a girl that lets herself get to be an old maid dependin' on some man that don't mean nothin'; but very often she hain't nothin' but her own foolishness to blame. There's one thing certain, if Lorenzo has been to blame, he's in a fair way to get his come-upance. I thought mebbe I'd jest step up 'n' see how Lucreshy was a-bearin' it, seein' she wa'n't to church nor to prayer-meetin' yesterday. I thought 'twouldn't be no more'n neighborly."

Mis' Isaiah spoke with a certain hesitation, which seemed to invite her neighbor's view of the matter.

"You're one that could if anybody could," said Miss Wingate. "But I don' know as I should have the courage. Lucreshy ain't like some that you can get a nearness to."

"I ain't one to be scairt away from a Christian duty by a little oddity," said Mis' Isaiah, firmly.

"Jest step round to the fence when you get back," said Miss Wingate, eagerly. "I shall be real interested to hear how she's took it."

Half an hour later Mis' Isaiah was knocking at the door of a little spruce-gum-colored house, which looked as if it had been dropped by accident in the middle of a straggling lane. There were patches of moss on the steeply sloping roof, and an ancient well-sweep, which made the fresh spruce-gum paint look staring and frivolous. The house stood on a hill half a mile from the village, and its only neighbor was a large farm-house, bleak, but thrifty-looking. It was a near neighbor, with only an orchard intervening; but upon the top of the orchard wall a high board fence had been built, with an evident view to rigid separation; and in the middle of a family burying-ground in a stubbly pasture a similar high board fence arose. The Phillipses and Parmenters, near of kin, but at war for generations, had not been willing to have their feud ended even by the great peace-maker, death. The only survivors of the two families who had remained upon the old places were now Lorenzo Phillips and Lucretia Parmenter, and it had been generally predicted that the feud would end in a wedding. Lorenzo and Lucretia had made friends over their spelling-books, and neither Gran'marm Phillips's frown—an awesome sight, for she was ninety, and her nose and chin met—nor the high board fence had availed to keep them apart. But in the matter of the wedding, fate had interposed—fate in the person of Eldora Scannell, from the Town Hill Settlement, with pink cheeks and yellow curls.

No one answered Mis' Isaiah's knock. Lucretia was in fact peeping through the blinds, but she would not open the door.

"I ain't a-goin' to let folks in, let 'em say what they will. I can't bear it, nohow," she said to herself.

She was a small, trim woman, with an energetic step. Mis' Isaiah could hear her moving about: she could not keep still.

"They'll say I'm all broke down, but I ain't. I wisht I was. I'm b'ilin' with hate. I expect it's my Parmenter blood. And I wouldn't believe it was me—me that was always so forgivin'. I wisht I could keep on feelin' stunded, as I did at first. And yet when he fetched over the deed of that piece of woodland and wanted to give it to me for a dollar, I felt in my bones that something was a-comin'. I'd ought to have known when he said he was afraid gran'marm would appear to him if he took down the fence. I shouldn't wonder a mite if gran'marm threatened to appear to him if he merried me. But folks are scairt sometimes jest because they're a mind to be. He'd have merried Eldory Scannell if the old Herry had riz right up before him. I'd ought to have listened to mother: 'You're a-nourishin' a viper, Lucreshy,' she used to say; 'that greenish color in his eyes ain't for nothin', and there wa'n't never a Phillups with a Roman nose that wa'n't tricky and treacherous.' I couldn't bear to hear nothin' against the Phillupses then, not even gran'marm, I felt so bad about the quarrel that was keepin' Lorenzo and me apart. I expect I was a fool; anyhow the fightin' blood has riz right up in me now. If there ain't Mis' Isaiah a-knockin' over there!" Lucretia was peering through her closed blinds at the neighboring house now. She could just see over the fence from her chamber window. "But she won't find nobody in the house. *She's* down in the field with him, a-rakin' after; I see her yeller hair a-blowin'. There's pretty queer house-keepin' over there, I'll warrant, now Abigail Dow has cleared out in a huff 'count of not bein' told he was goin' to get merried. I don't expect she can cook a meal's victuals half decent, and how Lorenzo 'll get along with his dyspepsy—but there! I don't care if she p'isons him. I wisht she would. Seems as if I hadn't a mite of grace left. But mebbe she wouldn't have got round him if he hadn't been mad with me about that woodland. I hadn't ought to have spoke right up and said I knew all the time that it belonged to us. She was hangin' round him down to camp-meetin', and to think he up and merried her before he come home! It looked like spite."

Mis' Isaiah had not got in. She had gone her way after walking around the house and looking in at all the windows. She had had a long walk in the heat all in vain, but there was a certain mournful consolation in the fact that she could report that Lucretia was taking it hard. She wished Lucretia well, although she had not let her in, but so great was the social stagnation in Corinth that a ripple must be made the most of.

A week went by, and Lucretia still remained in her darkened house, and friends besieged the door in vain. Glimpses of her had been seen going about her accustomed vocations, but even the minister, who called to inquire the reason of her absence from church and from prayer-meeting, where she was a bright and shining light, was forced to knock in vain.

"I've clean lost my hope," said Lucretia to herself. "I expect I was deluded. Anyhow when you hate folks sos't you wish 'em dead, you can't feel to go and testify. When I was afraid I wanted gran'marm to die, I used to wrastle and wrastle, but I can't now."

One day Lorenzo came, looking sheepish in spite of a manly effort. He had cogitated upon what he should say all the way along, and, in fact, for a long time before. He would reproach her gently for not coming to see Eldora; she was bashful, and the village folks looked askance at her as a Town-Hiller. He would refer to the fact that, in spite of family differences, Lucretia and he had been "almost like brother and sister"; and he would say that the fences ought to come down. He felt a little thrill of relief as he reflected that she couldn't think that meant anything particular now. For a long time, in fact ever since he had begun to think that a long courtship was tedious, and that Lucretia was becoming middle-aged, he had taken great pains to avoid saying anything "particular"; and he congratulated himself upon the prudent mind which had kept him from any direct proposal of marriage. He even felt an unexpected sensation of gratitude toward gran'marm and her threats of ghostly vengeance. But the most prudent mind will not prevent a man from looking and feeling sheepish, and Lorenzo, as he walked away from Lucretia's closed door, was conscious of this infirmity.

Lucretia was touched by the sight of him, and gazed after him through a sudden rain of tears. "Lorenzo!" she called, pathetically, under her breath, almost in the manner of a stage heroine; although perhaps a homely old maid crying after her recreant lover would be found more laughable than pathetic upon the stage, human sympathy being so inevitably pitched to the false key of outward seeming. "I can't sense it anyhow," she murmured. "Why, Lorenzo and me bein' together is jest as nat'ral as breathin'. 'Twas all her! Men-folks are kind of feeble-minded, the best of 'em, and she got round him. Land sakes! I remember once when I was ridin' with Lorenzo—he was fetchin' me home from the agricultooral fair, and we had to come round by Town Hill for fear Gustavus would see us—'twas when Gustavus was to home—and I see that young one danglin' from a fence, and I says to Lorenzo that she was kind of pretty-lookin', 'She'd look better if her face was washed,' says Lorenzo. 'There ain't nothin' pretty to me about them Town-Hillers; they're a disgrace to civilization.' And now jest to think! What a dretful artful cretur she must be! And how kind of meachin' he looked, and heart-broke too! 'Twas all her fault, and seems as if something had ought to happen to her for it, but I don't expect there will—in this world."

Lucretia was conscious of a certain grim satisfaction in the thought that no Town-Hiller was likely to be very well off in the next world—people who never darkened a church door, and were notorious for robbing poultry houses and orchards.

That night, in the late twilight, Lucretia stole out into her garden to water her plants that were suffering from her neglect. She had her apron over her head, and she meant to turn her back if any one came along the road.

"I don' know as ever I shall feel to see folks again," she said to herself. "I thought I had too much pride to be like 'Lizabuth Oakes that was disappointed, but I didn't know then."

No one did come along the road, but there came a sudden pounding on a loose board in the high fence close beside her. It was wrenched off with a determined effort, and first a yellow head came through, and then a gayly attired young woman alighted at Lucretia's very feet.

"There ain't no sense in that fence," she remarked. "I wa'n't goin' 'way round by the road. Relations too! It's orfle silly. I should think an old maid and an old bach like you and him might have got along. Say, I'm in an orfle lot of trouble." The quick tears sprang to her eyes—a pair of childish soft blue eyes—which made Lucretia's heart grow harder and harder. "Have you got a loaf of bread? A lot of his folks have come."

"Gustavus?" Lucretia's voice seemed to come from so far away that she wondered vaguely how she found it.

"Yes, 'n' his wife, 'n' a lot of young ones. 'N' Lorenzo he's ashamed of my bread, 'n' he says it lays hard. I don't see how I ever come to have an old bach. That brother's wife kind of turned up her nose, 'n' never eat a mite. I wanted to get right out of sight some'ers. I ain't used to such particeler folks. Say, *have* you got a loaf of bread?"

"No, I hain't," said Lucretia, fixing her eyes scornfully on the pink beads around the girl's neck.

"And there ain't no baker nor nothin'."

"Folks round here ginerally know how to keep house and make their own bread," said Lucretia, severely.

"'N' they look at me jest as if I was the dirt under their feet. I never had a chance to learn nothin' about house-keepin'. Our folk never thought nothin' about the bread. Pa 'n' the boys was always full anyhow, 'n' never cared nothin' about what they eat. I can't go round beggin' anyhow, 'cause he'd be mad, but I thought bein' you was relation— I don't want him to be ashamed of me, 'n' that woman won't eat a mite in the mornin', 'n' he has to take a sight of dyspepsy medicine—"

"Like enough," remarked Lucretia, grimly.

"N' I'm a-goin' to run home or else drownd myself in the pond. They don't want me to home, so I guess 'twill be the pond. I'd ruther enough sight than to have him ashamed of me. I set by him"—she turned an appealing, shamefaced gaze upon Lucretia—"I don' know how I come to, and him such an old bach, but I do. And I ain't fit for him. I can't do nothin' as he's used to havin' it; 'n' I can't stan' it nohow to see him so mortified afore folks. I'd ruther drownd myself, 'n' I will."

"I guess you'll think better of it when it comes to the p'int," said Lucretia, dryly.

"You'll see!" flashed the girl. "'N' it 'll be all your fault, for I know you've got some bread, or you could make some, or show me how, or something. You're jest a sour old maid, 'n' you wanted Lorenzo." This taunt was flung through the aperture in the fence, as the girl disappeared on the other side.

Lucretia felt as if she had been beaten with many stripes; but she went and got a hammer and nails, and nailed the board on to the fence. She fancied that the resounding blows were echoed by mocking laughter from the direction of the pond.

"She's gone down that way, but she won't drownd herself no more'n I shall," said Lucretia to herself. She sat on the porch with her apron over her head in a dull misery that almost forbade her to think. The cries of the loons came desolately up from the pond. "I never heard 'em sound so much like human creturs. There! if that *wa'n't* a human cretur's voice! or mebbe 'twas the wind. I'm terrible nervous to-night. That sound keeps a-ringin' in my ears. I can't set still nohow."

Lucretia went over the stubbly pasture where the burying-ground was set, and down through a tangle of low bushes and wet grass to the borders of the pond. The moon shone fitfully through heavy clouds, a rising wind wailed dolefully, and flitting shadows filled her with nervous tremors. She was near-sighted, and wandered into miry places, and twice she stumbled and fell, but something that looked like a light dress on the very edge of the water drew her on.

"I'm like a crazy cretur," she said to herself. "She wouldn't drownd herself no more'n nothin' at all. But yet them Town-Hillers are such reckless folks! I don't expect she'd so much as think of the account she's got to give. Gustavus's wife has got a terrible cock-turkey, sneerin' way with her. I'd ought to like to see that Scannell girl put down, after the way she talked to me too, but somehow— But 'tain't no use for me to be pokin' round here as if I was possessed. I declare that light-colored thing's a-movin'. Eldory! Eldory!"

Lucretia's voice echoed through the stillness, but only a loon's mournful cry answered her. She reached the light-colored object which she had taken for Eldora's moving figure, and found that it was the moonlight on a waving birch-tree.

"There, I'm a-goin' home. She wouldn't even darst to come down here in the night; she'd be scairt to death."

But a sudden splash in the water made her turn with a shiver.

"I expect 'twa'n't nothin' but a duck or a musk-rat, but I can't take no rest till I find out where that foolish cretur is."

She went across the pasture and a hay-field, and so stealthily to Lorenzo's back door.

"There's a light in the back kitchen, and it's after ten o'clock; somethin' must be goin' on," she said to herself. She stole on tiptoe to the window, and through a chink in the shade she saw Eldora standing by the table, with a tear-stained face. An ancient cookery book was open before her, and on the table were heaped flour and potatoes and baking-pans in confusion.

"Good land! if she don't think she's a-goin' to make bread out of potato yeast that she hain't set nor nothin'! She's a-makin' her yeast and her bread all to once! What a mess she'll have come mornin'! She'd better stick to saleratus."

Lucretia stole softly away in the darkness, and sought her own abode. She slept soundly for the first time in many nights. She was unconscious that the wind had risen to a gale, and a loud crash under her window only half awakened her. She arose at the first glimpse of dawn to attend to some bread which she had mixed and set to rise the night before.

"I calc'late that Gustavus's wife can't find no fault with my riz biscuits," she said to herself complacently as she took her bread out of the oven.

She rolled two delicately browned loaves and the biscuit in her best table-cloth, and set out for Lorenzo's. As she descended the steps she saw for the first time what the wind had wrought in the night. The high board fence lay a broken wreck upon the ground.

"I expect her poundin' and mine begun it, and the wind finished it; but it's got a meanin' all the same for them that's a mind to see it," she said to herself.

Lucretia stepped over the ruins of the fence and climbed the stone wall. It would perhaps have been easier to go around by the road, but she found a certain satisfaction in this new route.

The door of Eldora's back kitchen was ajar, and she slipped her bread on to the table beside a soggy mass which had just come from the oven, overthrowing Eldora's fondly cherished hope that it would be bread.

Some one came to the door and looked out, and a joyful exclamation reached Lucretia's retreating ears.

Lorenzo knocked at the back door while she was washing her breakfast dishes.

"That was real kind of you, Lucreshy," he said. "Eldory wanted me to come over, because she said she was so sarcy to you yesterday that she didn't darst to."

"I was real hateful to her," said Lucretia, candidly.

"You're a good woman, Lucreshy. Eldory says you're the best woman she ever see."

"I ain't," said Lucretia; "but I'm indulgin' a hope. Nobody knows what that is but them that's lost it. Seein' that fence has blew down, I expect it may as well stay down, Lorenzo. And up there in the buryin'-ground—that fence had ought to come down too. Mother and gran'marm will be laying pretty clost to one t'other, but I expect they see dif'runt now."

"Lucreshy Parmenter was to prayer-meetin' last night," said Mis' Isaiah Plummer to her gossip over the back-yard fence. "She give in her testimony as if she was a dretful sinner, 'n' she prayed so fervent that some cried. You'd think 'twas her that had jilted Lorenzo, or been a-gettin' somebody's beau away. 'N' the fence is down, and they do say there's the greatest runnin' back 'n' to between them houses, 'n' she's a-learnin' Eldory how to house-keep. Kind of cur'us that the quarrel should run out so, jest as soon as there's something to quarrel about, as you might say."

"I was always one of them that thought Lucreshy was kind of simple," said Miss Wingate.

ALPINE SCENES AND WORK NEAR HOME.

Glacier is a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway 2483 miles from Montreal and 423 miles from the Pacific coast. It boasts no buildings except the station and a pretty little hotel, whose restaurant is a substitute for the dining cars, which would make the trains too heavy upon the steep grades by which the Rocky and other mountains are passed. But at this point Nature lavishes her wonders in superabundance, for not only is the highest mountain on the journey close at hand, but at its foot is seen an enormous glacier. It is within thirty minutes' walk of the cars, but in the rarefied atmosphere of that altitude (4122 feet above the sea) the mammoth frozen river seems within pistol-shot. All about are great snow-capped mountains of the Selkirk and Hermit ranges, and through rifts in their bare or tree-clad sides numberless cataracts plunge from dizzy heights down almost vertical channels into the turbulent Illicilliwaet River. The glacier is at one end of a vast oval amphitheatre, so tremendous, so completely shut in by enormous hills, and so green and luxuriant beneath the deep and usually flawless blue of the heavens, that the entire scene takes on almost the orderly and prearranged aspect of a theatrical spectacle.

Two of the staff artists of Harper's Weekly met in this queer amphitheatre just at the moment for realizing that which the spot demands and yet lacks—a hint of Swiss conditions other than the mere presence of snow-tipped peaks. It happened that two Swiss gentlemen descended there from a more or less nearly celestial journey to the summit of Mount Sir Donald. The stir that this visit and news created in that neighborhood, and will create all over Canada when the facts are known, can best be estimated when it is understood that this grand monarch of the ranges is the chief and especial joy and pride of the Canadians. They possess higher peaks, it is true, but such are not within view of their travelling public, while this stands ever directly in their path from ocean to ocean, and had, up to the time of which I write, resisted every human effort to scale its summit again and again.

Mount Sir Donald is named in honor of Sir Donald A. Smith, one of Canada's most influential personages, and, next to the Premier, her most enterprising public man. He is President of the Hudson Bay Company, having worked his way to that eminence from an humble post in desolate Labrador. He is also one of the chief promoters of the Canadian transcontinental railroad. The railroad and government estimates of the height of this huge pyramid of rock were placed at about 10,640 feet above the sea-level, but the conquering Swiss discovered that these estimates do injustice to the facts. They declare that the reading of their barometers while on the summit proved the top of the higher peak to be 6700 feet above the railway. If the railway estimate of 4122 feet as the height of their rails at this point is correct, Mount Sir Donald will be found to be 10,822 feet above the sea-level.

The two members of the Swiss Alpine Club who performed the remarkable feat of climbing this mountain are Mr. Emil Huber, of Riesbach, near Zurich, and Mr. Carl Sulzer, of Winterthur. Both are members of Section Uto of their club, which is an organization of 4000 members. Both are young men of extremely sturdy physique, and both speak English fairly well. They would create a better impression of their linguistic capacities but for the fact that they are guarding to the utmost the scientific particulars of their achievement. They have some understanding with the Canadian government by which they are to report their experiences directly to Ottawa, and they are also in duty bound to send their notes, calculations, and photographs to the official journal of their club in Switzerland. These requirements interfere painfully with their English while the subject of their recent achievement is being discussed, and one only gauges their powers of English speech when they drift upon recollections of the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn at home. Fortunately, between my pertinacity and their courteous natures, the Weekly is able to tell all that is of popular interest respecting their aerial voyage.

Mr. Emil Huber, of Riesbach, is a stout young fellow with the chest of a blacksmith, the legs of a wrestler, and positively the brightest, most luminous black eyes that one may see in a journey around the world. He stands about five feet nine inches in his shoes, and weighs 170 pounds. For years it has pained his inmost feelings to know that Englishmen were calmly trotting up and down all his Alpine peaks, while his own countrymen seemed to have no option but to climb behind them. When he heard of the existence of Mount Sir Donald on English territory, and learned that no British foot had ever scaled its summit, he pledged himself to beat the English on their own ground. He easily prevailed upon a Swiss friend to accompany him, and thus introduced to the world Mr. Sulzer, of Winterthur, a tall, shapely blond German-Swiss of 175 pounds and six feet by weight and measurement. Upon arriving at the scene of several English failures in mountain climbing, they consulted Mr. Perley, of the Glacier Hotel, in order to obtain a third mountaineer, for it appears that in the science of rock and glacier scaling three is company and two is none. There are many common situations in which a third person is essential, they say. Mr. Harry Cooper, a hunter at Donald, British Columbia, was recommended, and gladly joined the two Swiss. He is a born Canadian, and an exceptionally skilful hunter. He made the ascent with the others. The Swiss gentlemen now declare that he lost his nerve in the trying and dangerous parts of the trip, and was rather more a hinderance than a help. It is only just to Mr. Cooper to say that he denies this, and that his friends in the mountains, who know how clever he is at mountain work, and how famous he is for his pluck, all assert that the foreigners are averse to sharing any of the credit for their success with a native or with any other person whatsoever. For my part, I believe that Harry Cooper is as capable and brave a mountaineer as any country can produce, and no man is more at home in that vast wilderness of uplifted nature than he. Moreover, no one denies that he stood with the Swiss on the brow of Sir Donald.

As professional Alpine work is seldom seen or practised so close to our civilization, it will be interesting to follow closely what these young Swiss did. (I did not ask their ages, but apparently their combined years would sum up about sixty.) They started out with coats, flannel shirts, knee-breeches, and shoes made especially for their work. Each carried a knapsack, a coil of rope, and a queer tool like an alpenstock with a sort of pick at the top. The pole of each is a stout stick about four and a half feet long with a sharp iron prong at the bottom. The contrivance at the top is of steel, fashioned at one end into a long and slender hatchet, and at the other into a prong or long hook whose under surface is notched so that it will not slip when pulled against rocks. One coil of rope was of stout half-inch Manila for heavy work; the other was of slender Manila for lighter service. Cooper carried the various parts of a small tent, and between all three they took up canned provisions, blankets, and a good-sized camera (weighing 14 pounds), with their barometers and other small instruments. Mr. Huber told me that altogether he only carried 18 pounds, and the 14-pound camera was part of his load. The shoes the Swiss wore were extraordinary contrivances, with soles three-quarters of an inch thick, and with eighty great hobnails of wrought iron in the sole and heel of each.

They were gone the better part of four days, although the conquest of Sir Donald occupied less than one day.

Sir Donald is roughly pyramidal in shape, but unlike most of the Selkirks, which are wooded to the top, it has a tall and enormous mass of bare rock on top of it above the timber line. The climbers went nearly to the top of the timber line, and there pitched their tent. Then they discarded their coats and made excursions about the neighboring hills and peaks in order to get every possible view of Sir Donald, and to decide which of its sides or faces offered the least difficulty for climbing. They even ascended Eagle Peak, an uncommonly tall mountain close by, for this purpose. At last they decided on their route, and on Saturday, June 26th, made the ascent in seven hours from the time of leaving their tent. The task proved exceedingly difficult, and to any except professional climbers very dangerous. There were large snow fields, and there was one obstruction of vertical and nearly smooth-faced rock in the way. But at last, without any mishap, they stood upon the top of the giant.

They report the view from the summit as grand beyond description. They estimated that it embraced a field whose diameter was 300 miles. In all directions the ranges of mountains reached away in jagged lines of snow and rock. The Hermit range, the Selkirks, the Rockies, and smaller lines of hills were clearly defined, as in a bird's-eye view, and their eyes followed the great valley of the Columbia River as if it were seen upon a map. They could not see the great river; indeed, they could not see into any valleys except those just beneath them, so dense were the shadows of the mountains. Glaciers abounded. They were almost numberless, and many were of large size. Among other objects that attracted their especial attention was a towering peak of the Hermit range. They believe that it is even higher than Sir Donald, and they determined to climb it as soon as possible, and, if they succeed, to name it Swiss Peak. Of all that they saw they took photographs. Having made their barometric and other records, they proceeded to build what they call a "stone man." It is the custom for whatsoever party first ascends a mountain to leave a monument of this sort as a permanent record or proof of their achievement. In this case they constructed a monument of rocks to a height of seven feet. It can be seen from one point on the railway track below.

The descent of the great mountain offered far greater opportunities for skilful work than the upward climb. The ropes were put to use as aids in making the sheer descents, and in one place they cut off and left hanging to the rock a piece of rope eighty feet in length. The sheet of ice that it had taken three-quarters of an hour to ascend, consumed an hour and three-quarters on the downward journey. When they reached their camp, they acknowledged to one another that theirs had been a more difficult work than any they had performed at home, not excepting the ascent of the Matterhorn. As for other comparisons with Swiss mountains, they say that at home the mountains are higher, and the very tall peaks are closer together, but that here are more mountains and a grander expanse of earth disturbance.

It will interest those who do not climb mountains to know that almost on the summit of Sir Donald these men were tortured by mosquitoes.

Messrs. Huber and Sulzer have also given to the world a closer estimate of the dimensions of the great glacier than the public has been able to obtain from the railroad publications. They find that this frozen river reaches downward from a height of 4000 feet above the railroad, and is therefore more than 8000 feet above the level of the sea at its top. At that point it is about four miles in width. They do not estimate the depth or bulk of the ice, so that one must choose between the popular conjectures, which place the depth of ice at from 500 feet to 1000 feet. In all probability it is at least 500 feet thick in its deepest part.

To the average American the great glacier is a source of never-failing wonder and pleasure. It hangs like a saddle over the top and sides of a tall mountain, and though its color changes with every hour of the day and state of the weather, it has always the appearance of a great body of fluid whose motion has been mysteriously arrested. It seems at times a suspended stream of lava; at other times an avalanche of snow held in mysterious check; again it is a dirty stream, as of molasses frozen, and again it glistens in the sun a mass of green and blue, like a vast elongated crystal globule. In that rare atmosphere its size is not diminished; it seems ever near; it is always gigantic. At the top its surface is disturbed by a million jagged points, like choppy waves in a wind-tossed sea, while nearer the valley it sweeps downward in a vast mass, whose end curls inward like a huge lip, and whose sides reach out in a myriad arms or feet upon the rock-heaped mountain-side. In a vast well formed of gigantic mountains it fills all of one grand arc, precisely as if it were a curved curtain at the end of a theatre, vast beyond comparison. Its effect is all the grander because, while elsewhere the forests that clothe the valley reach high up the towering walls, the great glacier stands apart, treeless, naked, bald, and tremendous.

The way to actual contact with this frozen Niagara leads through a green and beautiful valley, by shady woodland paths, and through small openings that are gorgeously littered with lilies and small wild flowers. A slight ascent marks the course of the trail, but it is a path upon the débris of centuries of vegetable deposit, and one's feet tread upon a soft and elastic substance that renders walking not merely easy but delightful. The shade, the sleepy forest, the singing of the birds, and the glory of the flowers render the visit altogether delightful. One incident on the way is the passing of a scene of stupendous havoc where a snow-slide two years ago cut a huge swath through the forest, tearing the grandest trunks up by the roots, hurling huge rocks upon them, and literally heaping the earth with a tangle and net-work of crushed and broken timber. Gradually the atmosphere grows cooler and cooler as the glacial river is approached, and now and then a breeze that shoots down from the mountain brings a congealing blast that searches far beneath one's clothing, but passes in an instant and leaves a sensation of delightful warmth by contrast.

Presently a rustic bridge carries the tourist across a boiling cataract of melted snow and ice, and with a few leaps from bowlder to bowlder across the heaps of rocks the glacier has brought down and relinquished, he stands beside the curving edge of the suspended cataract. It is worth ten times the pains it costs to get to it. At places the melting of the glacier leaves projecting edges under which one may stand as beneath a *porte cochère*; again there are grottoes and caves reaching far beneath the body of the glacier, and into these one may walk with perfect security—and certainty of a wetting from the dripping ice above. At the edges and the sides of the deep rifts that seam the surface of the glacier the ice is translucent, and takes on vivid hues of deep green and blue.

More venturesome than many, I climbed upon one of the great sprawling feet of the monster, and made my way a little distance upon its back. The surface though rough was extremely slippery, and it was only by grinding the heels of my shoes into the rotting surface that I overcame the natural tendency of my weight upon the slippery incline. It was worth while. The whole surface of the glacier was roughened by fine longitudinal lines as if it had been brushed by a comb of steel, or as if a lateral rain had swept along it. Of course this was the result of the sun's rays; it was the manner of the melting of the ice. Upon the glacier the dust and dirt of the neighboring steeps blow continually, and this falling upon the wet surface is turned into mud, and collects in the little comb tracts in the form of a composition extremely like that greasy compound called "Broadway mud."

I found the surface of the glacier cracked and split with great crevasses, always making toward the outer edges, and carrying off greater or less torrents of ice-water. In some of these crevasses it would be difficult to squeeze your foot; in others a train of cars could be swallowed down. These offer the greatest danger to the lives of men like those who made the ascent of Sir Donald. All these crevasses narrow at the bottom, and possess sides smoother than glass. If a mountaineer slips into one he will quickly freeze to death in the ice-water and the intensely cold air, unless he be dashed to eternity in his fall.

J. R.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

When summer kindles purple fires,
That run along the foxglove spires,
And set the meadows all aglow
With blazing torches in a row,
Those July days beneath her feet
June grass that once was fair and sweet
Grows crisp and sere, then quick she flees
The humming of her belted bees,
And sets within her meadows glad
A host of fellows emerald clad.
These wee musicians of the field,
When nestling birds no song-burst yield,
Take up the strain, and from their bows
In tiny tide the music flows,
A mimic music, shrill and thin,
Breathed out from elfin violin.
Then "Katy" comes with her old ways
And argues through the August days,
And last in damask ebon drest
The summer's very latest guest.
He winds his clock and counts the time
That sunny fields and skies may rhyme,
For well he knows, the old-time friend,
That summer's reign is at an end.
And numbers with his tick, tick, tock,
Each day of grace. The little clock
Beats out the long September hours,
Beats out the death of all the flowers,
Numbers each falling leaf and brown
Until it too at last runs down,
And then with vanished birds and bees
The summer flits across the seas.

Annie Bronson King.

CARROLL S. PAGE.

The newly elected Governor of Vermont, Hon. Carroll S. Page, of Hyde Park, is comparatively a new man in politics. He has served in the Legislature, but has never achieved national prominence. He is a young man too, but his name was considered so favorably by the nominating convention that the opposition was easily overcome.

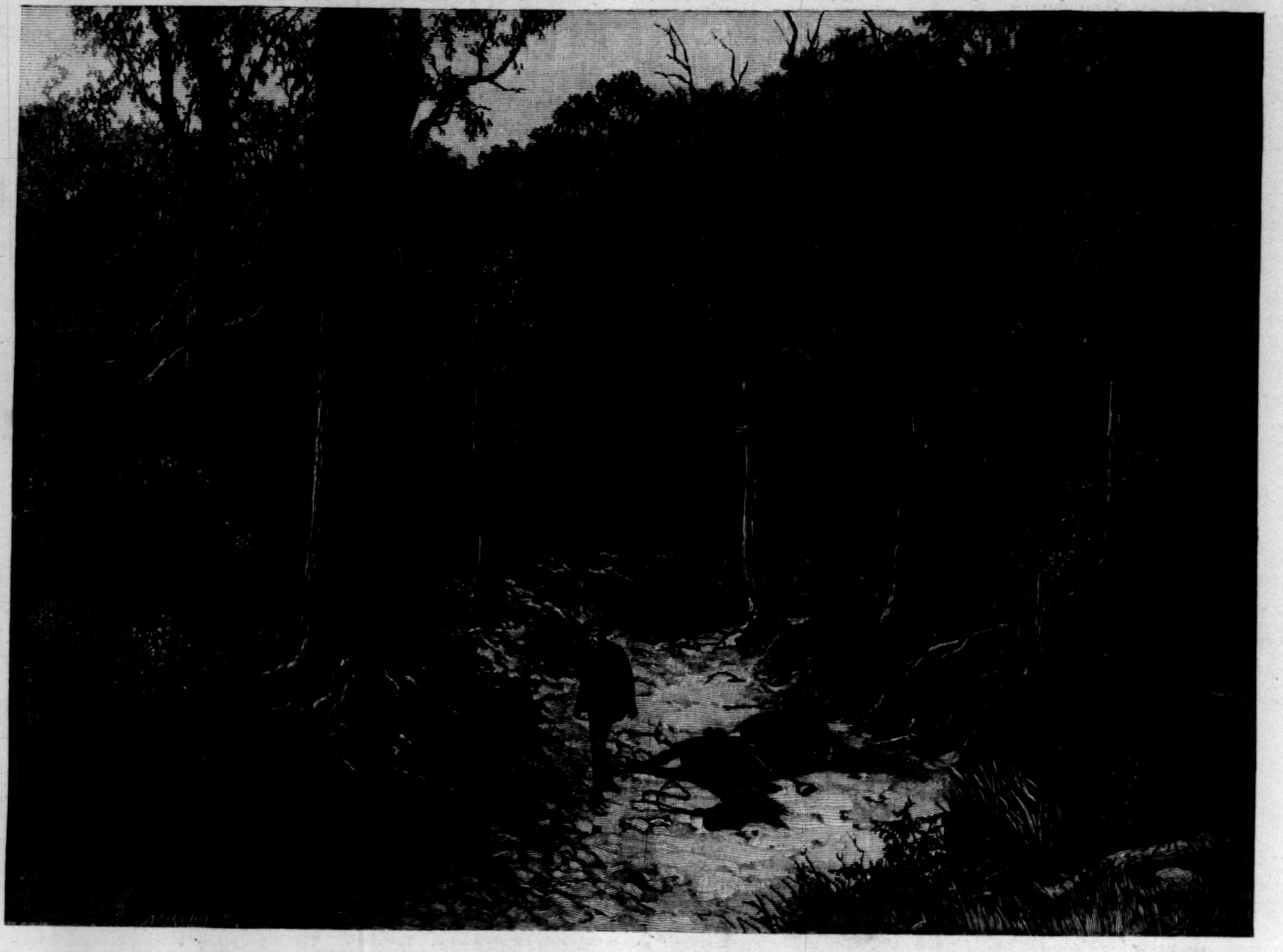
The majority for Mr. Page is only about half as large as that received by Governor Dillingham in 1888. That was a Presidential year, and a special effort was made to bring the majority as high as possible.

Still more significant than the reduced Republican majority for Governor is the great gain of the Democrats in the Legislature. This is due mainly to the split in the Republican party on the subject of prohibition. High license and local option have made many converts recently in Vermont, and a repeal of the prohibitory liquor law is among the possibilities of the future.

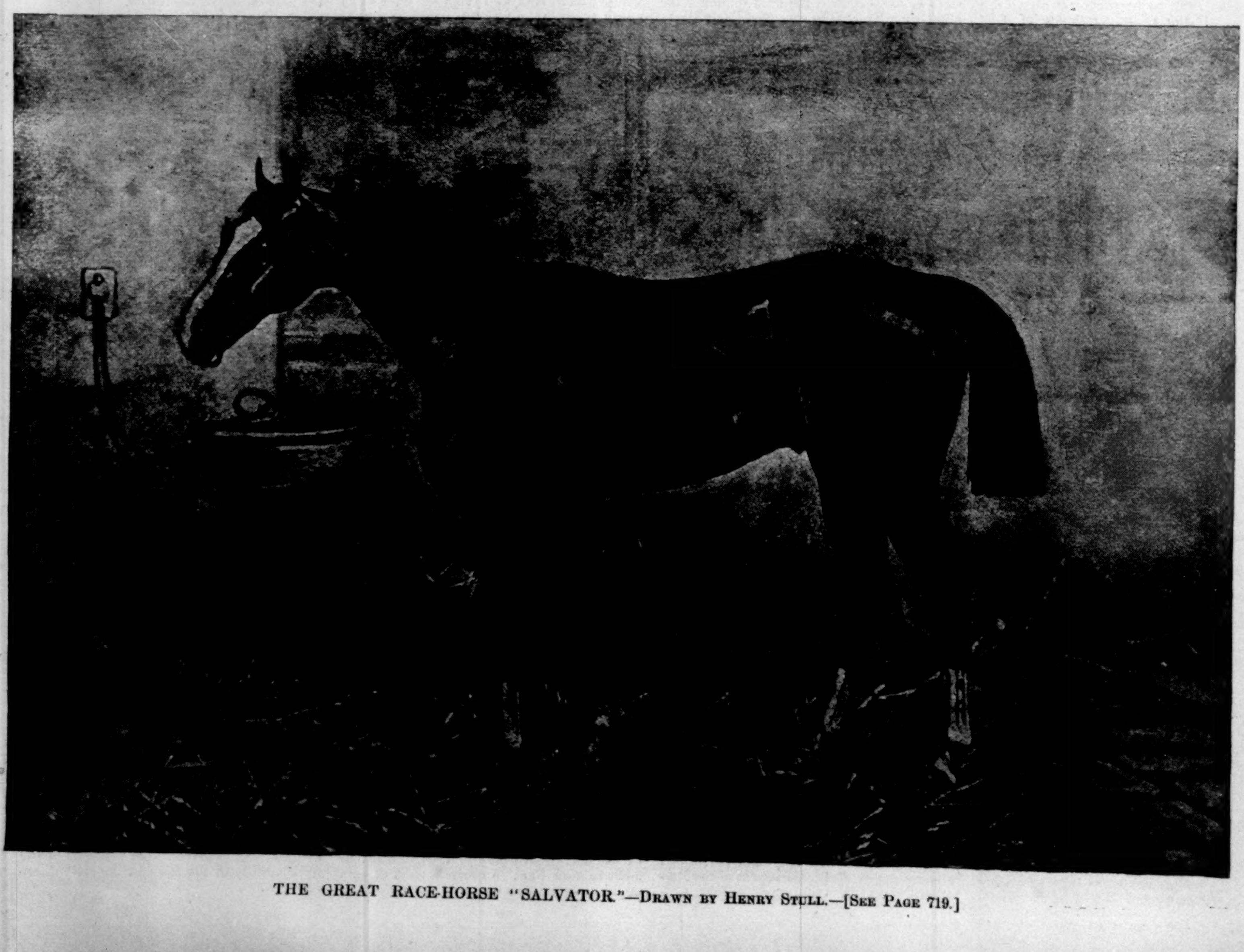
Mr. Page's chief Republican competitor for the nomination was Lieutenant-Governor Woodbury, and he received a few scattering votes. For the most part, however, it is evident from the returns that Republicans who were dissatisfied with Mr. Page's nomination or with the record of their party simply did not vote at all.

GOVERNOR J. P. EAGLE, OF ARKANSAS.

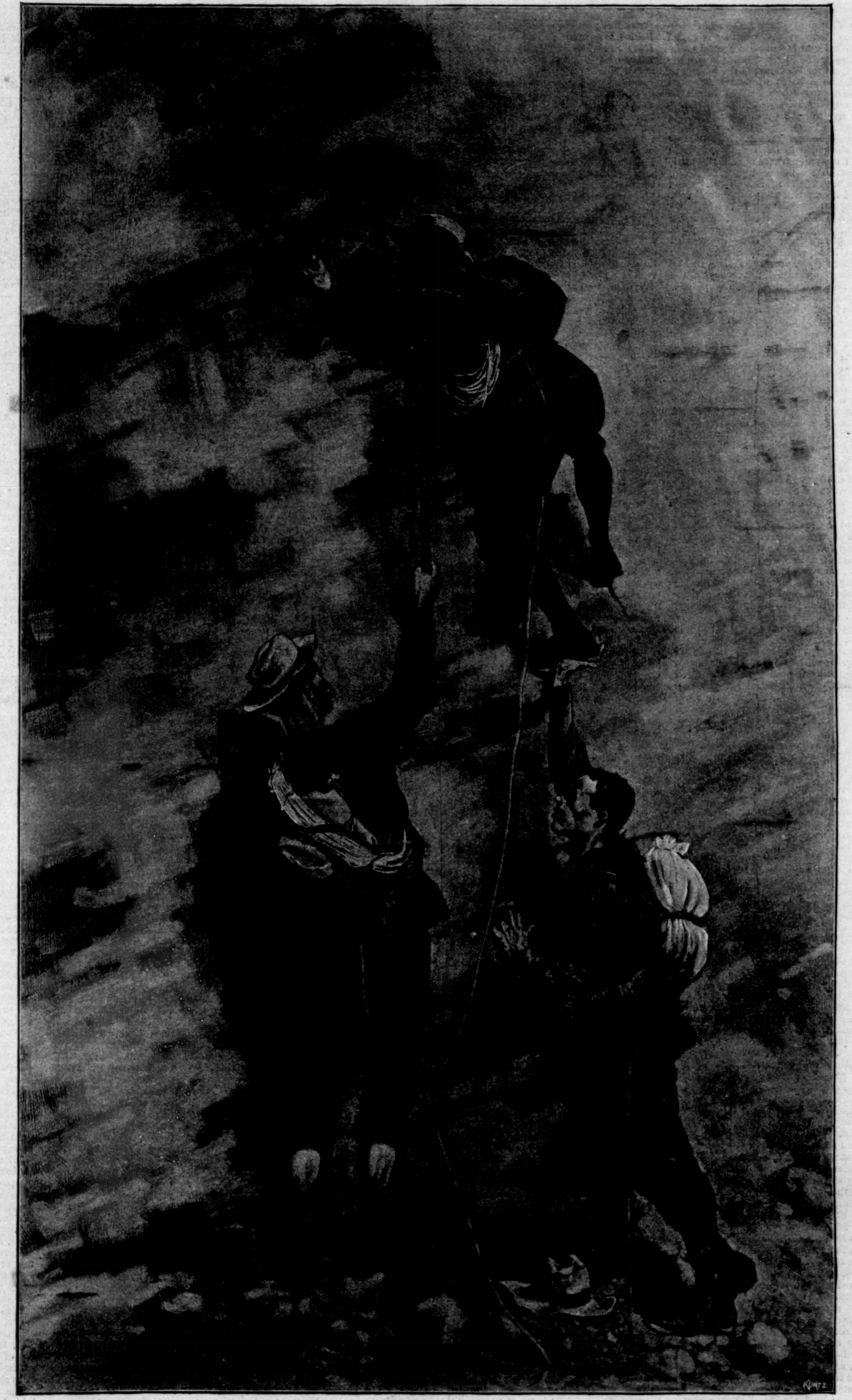
A few years ago Tennessee presented the anomaly of two brothers pitted against each other as the candidates respectively of the Democratic and Republican parties for Governor. With the people of Arkansas this year the choice for incumbent of that office rested between two ministers of the gospel, namely, the Rev. James P. Eagle (Democrat), of the Baptist denomination, and the Rev. N. B. Fizer (Republican), of the Methodist. The former, who was chosen Governor in 1888, receiving 15,006 more votes than his opponent, was re-elected on the 1st of September, 1890, by about 30,000 majority. The Rev. Mr. Fizer was nominated by the Labor Union party, and was subsequently endorsed by the Republicans. The campaign was a heated one, involving many disturbances throughout the State, and there are wide differences of opinion expressed as to what brought about the result. Governor Eagle's administration is credited with being a good one, but the general explanation on the part of Democrats for the largely increased majority is that it is due to Mr. Lodge's force bill, and that there was a large falling off in the Republican vote because of opposition to that measure, just as there was a Republican defection for the same reason in the recent election in Alabama. The Republicans and their allies, on the other hand, charge that their defeat was caused by intimidation and fraud, and bring forward a long list of incidents which, if as represented, point in that direction. The two parties, however, are agreed upon the proposition that the Arkansas election teaches a convincing lesson with reference to the force bill, though they differ as to its application. The Republicans point to the alleged intimidation and fraud as a direct proof of the wisdom of Mr. Lodge's measure, and of the necessity for making it a law. The Democrats point to their greatly enlarged majority as incontrovertible evidence of the unpopularity of the bill and the folly of enacting it.



LOST IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.



THE GREAT RACE-HORSE "SALVATOR."—Drawn by Henry Stull.—[See Page 719.]



THE ASCENT OF MOUNT SIR DONALD BY MEMBERS OF THE SWISS ALPINE CLUB.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 723.]

THE NITRATE DESERT OF TARAPACÁ.

(*Continued from page 712, Supplement.*)

wash out what nitrate may remain in the *caliche*. The result of this washing is called *agua de relave*, and is stored in special recipients. The *caliche* in No. 5 being now quite exhausted, a door is opened in the bottom of the tank, and a batch of men half naked shovel the hot rubbish and mud through the aperture into trucks, which run on rails below, and are dragged by mules out to the *ripio*, or refuse heap, which forms a conspicuous feature in every *oficina*. The *ripio* truck is marked 6 in our cut. Meanwhile tank No. 1 has entered into the combination, and passes on its lighter liquor to No. 5, which has been filled with new *caliche*. Then tank No. 4 is emptied, and so on in rotation, there being always one tank full of fresh *caliche*, and one being emptied. There is an obvious economy of heat in this process, and a very complete extraction of the nitrate, not more than five per cent. remaining in the great mass of *ripio*, or refuse. But to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of the systems that have been and are employed, and to explain the why and wherefore of details of the process, would lead us into a labyrinth of technical minutiæ where both the patient reader and ourselves might lose our way. For the general comprehension of the matter the above notes will, we think, suffice.

Now we pass to the second operation of decantation, which is simply running off the dense liquid into settling tanks, or *chulladores*, and thence into crystallizing tanks, or *bateas*. In the Tarapacá district the liquid obtained is so pure and so dense that the cooling tanks are often dispensed with, and the liquid *caldo*, or broth, as it is termed, is run directly into the crystallizing tanks, along a canal marked A in our plan. These *bateas* are placed on frames of wood or iron about six feet above the ground. Each *batea* is filled, and in the course of two or three days the crystallization is complete, and the bottom and sides of the receptacle are covered with nitrate. The water that remains, or *agua vieja*, is then run off into a reservoir, whence it is pumped up again to be used in the boiling tanks. The *bateas* are often provided with sloping side platforms, on to which the nitrate is shovelled and left to drain completely before it is piled up in the *canchas*, packed in sacks, and loaded on the railway trucks, which carry it to the ports of Iquique or Pisagua.

The *aguas viejas* produced and employed in the manufacture of nitrate of soda contain a certain quantity of iodine in the form of iodate of soda, generally about 1 per 1000, or one gramme of iodine in a litre of *agua vieja*. In many of the *oficinas* this iodine is extracted by a very simple and interesting process. The *aguas viejas* from the *bateas* are deposited in wooden baths, and the iodine precipitated by the application of a quantity of bisulphite of soda. The bisulphite is obtained by passing fumes of sulphur or sulphurous acid through a solution of carbonate of soda. The sulphur is brought mostly from Italy, and in smaller quantities from the Andes, where there are vast deposits still to be worked when economical means of transport have been provided. The carbonate of soda is made on the spot by burning nitrate and coal-dust in an open cylindrical furnace, from which the carbonate or sal natrón runs into a cylindrical receptacle on a lower level. Every night just after sunset you see the pampa dotted with these brilliant white bonfires, each *oficina* needing a daily supply of the substance, either for its iodine house, or for purifying its boiler water, or for both purposes. The mixing of the bisulphite with the *agua vieja* is effected in the wooden baths by means of compressed-air blowers, or more primitively by means of revolving paddles turned by hand. When once the precipitation has taken place, the water is drawn off, neutralized, and returned to the tanks, whence it passes again through the nitrate *cachuchos*. The iodine is also drawn off, washed, filtered, and pressed into cakes, which are placed in iron retorts, the neck of which runs into a series of fire-clay pipes of sufficient length to cool and sublimate the vapors, which are collected in the form of beautiful violet crystals, packed in barrels, and shipped.

In order to make the theoretical description of the manufacture of nitrate more vivid, we must refer the reader to our illustrations, where they will see some of the details of the work and the ensemble of an *oficina*, with its black chimneys, its terraces of red tanks discolored with drippings and stalactites of nitrate, its labyrinthine systems of pipes and valves, and its mountains of snow-white salts piled up in the *canchas* ready for the market. The *oficina* of "La Primitiva" is the largest yet established, and for the benefit of readers of a practical and precise turn of mind I will give a summary of its capacity. In "La Primitiva" everything is duplicated; there are two sets of machinery, complete and distinct, each set consisting of: Three crushers, worked by an engine of 36-horse-power. Twelve boiling tanks, or *cachuchos*, each 32 by 6 feet, and 9 feet deep, provided with coils of five turns of drawn-steel pipe 3 inches in diameter. Six settling tanks, used only for making refined nitrate of 96 per cent., ordinary nitrate being 95 per cent. Four *relave* tanks, whence the water is pumped back to the higher level by centrifugal pumps. Semicylindrical canals to carry the liquor to the 80 crystallizing tanks, measuring 18 by 18 feet, with a depth of from 2 feet 9 inches to 3 feet 3 inches, the slope being made to facilitate draining the nitrate. Each of these tanks has a cubic capacity of 960 feet, and holds 320 quintals, or 34 pounds to the cubic foot. Six boilers, 30 by 7 feet each, with two flues, of the Lancashire type, whence the steam is carried up in an 11-inch pipe, and the condensed water produced in the coils of the boiling tanks returned to the boilers in a 4-inch pipe without a feed-pump. Three reservoirs for *agua vieja*, or mother liquor, on the lower level, and 4 reservoirs on the upper.

The wells that supply the *oficina* with 120,000 to 130,000 gallons a day are distant nearly four miles across the pampa, where there is a steam-pumping station and reservoirs connected by 5-inch pipes with the establishment.

The two sets of machinery, as above set forth, have a maximum productive capacity of 10,000 quintals a day, with a consumption of about 1000 quintals of coal, the proportion being one ton of coal to produce ten tons of nitrate.

The nitrate grounds, or *calicheras*, of "La Primitiva" cover a strip of land 4½ miles long by a half-mile wide, and, owing to their extent, it has been found necessary to use rails and locomotives to bring in the *caliche* to the crushers. Within half a mile radius of the *oficina* carts and mules alone are used, but outside that radius the carts and mules carry the *caliche* to the trucks that run on sections of 2½ feet gauge, with gradients of ½ to 3½ per cent. There are 5 miles of railway, 3 locomotives, and 200 trucks in use. When "La Primitiva" is in full work it employs 1400 men, who live in two villages, and earn on an average $3 paper a day, while the tank men make as much as $5 paper, all the work being by contract and by the piece. Finally, we may add that the *caliche* is transported by 40 carts and 320 mules, and that the whole *oficina* is lighted by electricity, and goes on night and day, as do the other *oficinas*, month after month and year after year, for the boiling processes cannot be interrupted in their eternal rotation.

While still concerned with technical matters I may mention a very interesting piece of engineering work accomplished in connection with the *oficina* of Agua Santa, which, although situated on the line of the nitrate railways, uses other means of transporting its nitrate to the sea. From the *oficina* a cart road 19½ miles long leads to the top of the coast Cordillera, where it dips down to the sea, and from this point to the little bay of Caleta Buena an inclined plane has been constructed with tracks of 2½ feet gauge. The top of the inclined plane is 2500 feet above the sea, and the total length of the plane is 1900 yards, divided into three nearly equal sections, broken by terraces. The gradient of the top and middle sections is 28 per cent., and that of the lower, 52 per cent. The cars carry each 100 quintals of nitrate, and could bring up 45 per cent. return cargo if necessary. The cars work entirely by gravitation, the controlling machinery, or brakes, on each section being a Fowler clip pulley of the same system as that invented for use in steam-ploughs. The hauling tackle for the cars is also steel wire plough rope 1 inch in diameter. The down cargo is nitrate, and the up cargo wood, coal, and provisions. At the bottom of the incline is a mole, along which the trucks run out to the ships; but instead of weighing the sacks of nitrate, truck, and all, the customs official in uniform insists upon having each sack lifted out, weighed separately, and then reloaded on the truck. Progressive as Chili is in many things, she is sadly behindhand in the management of her seaports, and peculiarly deficient in moles. The Pacific ports are fearful places. We have already spoken of Iquique and its wading wharfmen. At Pisagua things are still more primitive. Goods are carried from the shore to the lighters on *balsas*, which are queer double canoes made of inflated seal-skins. It requires four seal-skins to make a canoe which will hold five sacks of nitrate and the boatman astraddle in the stern, with his feet dangling in the water and toiling heavily with a double-ended paddle, like some belated Esquimau.

After seeing the backward and semi-barbarous conditions of life in the Pacific ports, one is agreeably surprised to find in the pampa the refinements of a London drawing-room and the amusements of an English country house. No more striking example could be found of the English faculty of transplanting a bit of England into the midst of the desert than the houses in the pampa of Tamarugal. In the pampa the manager of an *oficina* and his assistants, almost exclusively Englishmen, are lodged in a house provided and kept up by the proprietors, whether individuals or companies, and form together a more or less numerous family, comprising very often two or three ladies and some children. Some of these houses are handsomely furnished, lighted with electricity, provided with every comfort that an exacting Englishman can demand, and adapted for offering ample hospitality to visitors, who are always welcome. In the drawing-room the ladies exercise the same refining influence as they would at home; in the dining-room the table is served with English correctness; in the bedrooms a stock of novels with the familiar stiff board covers and sensational pictures of passionate heroines offers a soporific to the uneasy sleeper; other illustrated papers and magazines and the ubiquitous *Punch* are seen lying in handy places; indeed, if Mr. Du Maurier happened to be banished to the pampa of Tamarugal he could still continue to find types and incidents for his drawings: athletic Englishmen wearing clothes that fit them, and young ladies who play lawn-tennis in provokingly coquettish costumes, and ride like Amazons across the dusty plains to pay visits in the neighboring establishments. Certainly life in the pampa is far from being gay, but nevertheless these healthy and strong-willed English exiles of industry seem to be quite happy, a fact to which the delightful climate doubtless contributes not a little.

The corrugated iron dwellings of the workmen present a strong contrast with the correctness and comfort of the manager's house. As each *oficina* gathers around it, women and children included, from one to three thousand souls, there is quite a village in the immediate vicinity of the works. It consists invariably of a few rows of corrugated iron sheds, at the back of which the tenants build out huts of poles and old bags, where they prefer to spend their time rather than in the iron rooms heated by the unclouded sunshine of the rainless desert. The villages always swarm with dogs, donkeys, and Bolivian women, and the last assemble twice a day round the fountain where distilled water is sold to them morning and afternoon, and also at the barred window of the *pulperia*, or general store, where all their wants are supplied by the provident proprietors of the *oficina*. In the pampa the old truck system or something equivalent prevails in all the *oficinas*, and apparently must prevail still, the conditions of labor and the nature of the laborer being peculiar. However, the *oficina* prohibits any trading within its grounds, except in vegetables and fruit, and the men are obliged to buy their food and drink in the *pulperia*, which also holds at their disposal clothes for themselves and their wives, furniture, sewing-machines, accordions, and all sorts of articles. These stores are carried on with a view to making a profit out of the sales, and not merely for the accommodation of the workmen. We may say, further, that through the *pulperia* the company calculates to make a profit of ten dollars on an average from each workman. From another point of view we may say that sixty per cent. of the earnings of the men are spent in the company's store, and the other forty per cent. wasted in drink and gambling, either inside the camp or in neighboring villages. Very few of the workmen save any money; many of them are fearful gamblers and the victims of "professionals," who make a specialty of the pampa, and nearly all of them are prone to drinking *chicha* and adulterated spirits, which provoke wild *cuecas* that last for several days. Withal they are not unpicturesque, and their women folk with their gaudy baize skirts and queer jaunty hats often form effective groups against the arid background of arid, sunny distance. The Bolivian trading women also look very paintable as they squat on their heels in the shadow of a galvanized iron wall waiting for customers for their fruit, which is one of the pleasant surprises of the pampa. Thanks to the oasis of Pica, fine grapes are abundant, also other fruits and vegetables. Between Pozo Almonte and Pica there is another oasis of a curious nature near the wood of Tirana, where there are large beds of salt, or *salares*. The top crust of salt is removed to a depth of three or four feet, until moisture is reached, and then alfalfa is sown, from which crops are obtained for four or five years in succession. After this pits are dug to a greater depth, and algarrobas, or locust-beans, are grown for fattening cattle. The places where this system of subsoil cultivation is practised are called *canchones*.

If any kind reader has had the patience to follow me thus far he must have frequently asked what is the good of talking at such length about nitrate of soda? What is the use of it? Who cares about it? What is nitrate? These questions are appropriate. If nitrate were of use only in the manufacture of gunpowder, perhaps it would not have been worth while travelling across the dusty pampa and prying into other people's business as I did. Still, even if that were the case I should not regret having visited a tract of country so rich in rare physical phenomena as the province of Tarapacá. But there are other reasons. Nitrate has been found to be an excellent artificial fertilizer, and its use for this purpose is destined to become more and more extensive. The French, German, and English experts, who have experimented and written upon the subject, and whose observations have been summed up and presented in a lucid pamphlet by Professor Wagner, of Darmstadt, show that nitrogen is one of the essential nutrient substances of plants, that no crop can flourish without a supply of nitrogen from the soil, that farmyard manure is rarely sufficient to supply the cultivated plant with the nitrogen it requires to produce crops securing the highest possible clear profit, and that the practical farmer must therefore have recourse to artificial manure. The two most important nitrogenous manures are nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia. Here again I fear to weary the general reader with special and technical matters of interest only to the agriculturist, and therefore refer those who are interested to Dr. Wagner's pamphlet, "Nitrate of Soda; its importance and use as manure" (London: Whittaker & Co., 1887), where much information will be found concerning the application of nitrate to cereals, root crops, and tobacco. The growing increase of the quantities of nitrate exported to the United States would indeed seem to indicate that the American farmer is beginning to pay some attention to scientific farming. The statistics are as follows:

Year.	Spanish quintals of 100 pounds.	Value in United States gold.
1887	1,564,950.20	$2,135,473 20
1888	1,474,920.15	2,356,241 24
1889	2,141,259.52	3,158,799 60

The quantity of iodine exported to the United States was as follows:

Year.	Pounds avoirdupois.	Value in United States gold.
1887	57,706	$72,022 01
1888	76,493	108,226 61
1889	104,338	191,117 23

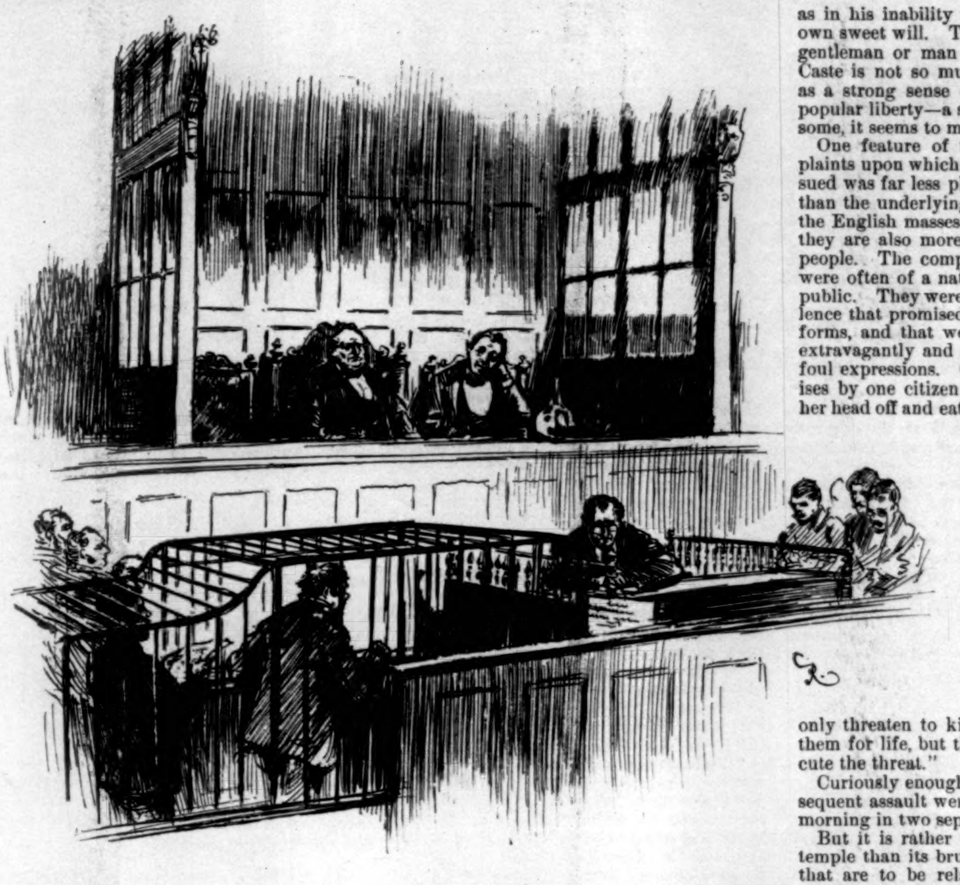
The total exports of nitrate of soda from Chili during the past three years have been as follows:

Year.	Spanish quintals of 100 pounds.	Value in United States gold.
1887	15,299,655	$21,595,983
1888	16,682,066	25,060,170
1889	20,606,454	30,403,515

The above totals include, of course, the exports to the United States. The exporting ports for nitrate in Chili are Pisagua, Iquique, Caleta Buena, Junin, Tocopilla, Antofagasta, Taltal, and Puerto Oliva. The chief European ports to which shipments are made are Liverpool and Hamburg, the whole being sent to the United Kingdom and the European Continent, with the exception of that sent to the United States. Of this latter, in 1889, 1,797,417 quintals were shipped to the east coast, and 223,394 quintals to California.

The nitrate question is one of vital importance in Chilian finances, inasmuch as the royalty levied on exported nitrate, namely, $1 60 Chilian, at 38 pence per metric quintal of 100 pounds, is the most important item in the revenues of the state, producing an amount even superior to that of the general import duties all together. Thus in the budget estimates for 1890 the *rentas* amount to a total of $23,010,000 Chilian paper, of which sum $20,900,000 are produced by nitrate royalties, while in the total produced by taxes, namely, $22,995,000, the general import duties figure for $20,655,000. Furthermore, it is believed by the Chilians that far from diminishing as a fiscal element and as an international return, nitrate will go on increasing in importance in future years, and will exercise a considerable influence on the material and economical progress of the country.

Everything that tends to extend and popularize the use of nitrate in the agricultural countries of the world, it is argued, will contribute to the advance of Chili, because the increase of state revenues thus obtained will assure the realization of various public works, which in turn will augment the national wealth, cheapen interior transport, make communications easier, reduce the cost of loading and unloading, and give a solid basis to the commerce and industry of the republic. At the same time the increase of the revenue will enable Chili to pay off her debt, and finally to return to specie payments, and to "that metallic currency which is the most legitimate and natural aspiration of the country." "Given the actual situation of Chili," says the *Memoria del Ministro de Hacienda*, presented to Congress in 1889, "now that the importance of copper and wheat—formerly the principal returns—has been to a great extent lost, and that of silver considerably reduced, nitrate has come to be the principle article of exportation, and the basis on which the foreign commerce of Chili rests." Considering the vast extent of nitrate-bearing land, and the number of *oficinas* in activity besides those belonging to the state, the government believes that the production may be greatly developed, the only limit being that imposed by the demand of the market. The Chilians, however, are full of prudence, and remembering that it is well to take new remedies while they are still fashionable, they say with touching candor in the *Memoria* above referred to that "in view of discoveries that may be made in the matter of artificial fertilizers, it is desirable to take advantage of the moment, and to transform in as short a time as possible these unproductive riches of the nitrate beds of Tarapacá, Antofagasta, and Atacama into means of national welfare, force, and progress"; and with that object it is proposed to establish an active propaganda, in order to make nitrate and its merits known all over the world. In this work not only are the Chilian consuls engaged within the measure of their means, but even special envoys are, I understand, to be sent out, one of them going as far as China as a nitrate missionary. All this is curious and worthy of notice. So far as the United States are concerned, if it be found that the farmers, the tobacco planters, and the viticultors of California need nitrate in annually increasing quantities, as statistics would seem to show, then a great step will have been made toward developing greater commercial relations with Chili, for nitrate is the only return cargo that the southern republic can send in exchange for American machinery and miscellaneous manufactures.



AN ENGLISH POLICE COURT.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

EVEN the few Americans who have seen an English police court will not all confess it. Indeed, human conditions are so peculiar that I hasten to explain how I came to see one, for police courts are not in the guide-books, and even "slumming" stops at their doors. It was in Birmingham, and I was in search of one of England's most noted specialists, who, it turned out, was a police magistrate, like so very many other rich, cultivated, and famous Englishmen. Police magistrates are chosen from among the leading men, and not only serve for life and without pay, but esteem it an honor to do so. They need not to know anything about law, and usually do not, but that is almost the only point at which they resemble the typical American police justice. There must be an enormous number of these magistrates in England, for Birmingham has about fifty. Large numbers are needed, as they sit in pairs, each pair serves only on one day in a week, and a large proportion are too old to do anything of an official nature except to continue to sign their titles after their names. I went to the police court, which was as grimy and as shabby as police courts and the crowds within them usually are, and sent my card to the magistrate by a policeman. It interested me to see the respect shown to the judge by the officer, for the man was afraid to speak or to do the least thing that might attract the judge's attention. His plan was to stand beside the bench, my card in hand, until the magistrate might happen to look that way. It seemed as if his honor never would turn his head, but at last, after a delay of full ten minutes, reluctant fortune favored me, and I was bidden to go up and take a seat upon the bench.

The trip-hammer effect of the blows that caste has dealt English humanity always impressed me, and almost constantly confronted me. It was not many days after this that I met an able journalist, an editor, who said that for many years he had made it a rule to drop all other work in order to report Mr. Gladstone whenever he made a speech. I congratulated him upon being so intimate as he must be with so great a man. "Intimate!" said he. "Why, I do not know him at all. I met him accidentally in a railway car last year, and was presented to him. He shook my hand, but he does not remember me." At the time of that conversation the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew and a reporter were riding up town in New York together in a horse-car, and as it fell out that Mr. Depew (who had just arrived from England) had no change, the reporter paid his fare.

But I really did go to the police court, and found it more interesting than the above digressions give reason to suspect. It was so interesting that after I had whispered my business, I asked if I might not stay up there until the last prisoner got his share of British justice.

The two magistrates sat side by side at a desk high above everything else in the courtroom. The desk was enclosed on either side by glazed partitions containing doors, and behind it and the judges was the end wall of the room. The high platform on which their throne-like box was built had its own doors, for egress and ingress, in the side walls of the room. Immediately in front of the judges' bench sat "the clark"—as we would say, the clerk of the court—on a high stool behind a high desk like a pulpit. The clerk is as important in the law there as he is in politics here. He knows the criminal law, and is the only one except the criminals and their counsellors who does. He gives the magistrates advice when they seek it, and often, when they fail to seek it, corrects them. In this court his curly black poll came a trifle above the edge of the magistrates' desk, just where a pen-wiper would be useful, and for all the world like one, because the rest of him could not be seen. On either side of the clerk's desk a tier of short benches arose—one tier for reporters and one for lawyers.

The dock took up nearly all the middle of the room. It looked like a huge bird-cage with the door broken off. Its wires were of half-inch iron. They rose straight from the floor to the ceiling, and were boarded up in the back so that the people on the benches for the public in the rear could not see the prisoner or be seen by him. Something like an old-fashioned cellar door, slanting from the cage toward the floor, projected from one end of the cage. It was the covered way by which the prisoner was brought up into the dock from the tunnel of masonry under the court, which led from the cells in another building. When the prisoner came up out of this covered way he found himself facing the magistrates, whom he saw through a square break in the cage wires, an aperture that just left him exposed from his head to his waist. A court official in police blue stood in the cage all the while, holding a sheet of paper on which were the names of all the prisoners, notes of the offences of which each was accused, and a record, or "pedigree," of the number of times each had been arrested before.

"You should have been here earlier, to have seen something that is not done in America, I believe," said the magistrate whom I was visiting. "On this morning of the week, Monday, we always issue a great many duplicates of pawn tickets. Through drunkenness or carelessness or by reason of theft a great many poor people lose the tickets that pawnbrokers issue as receipts for the goods they loan money upon. The losers come here on discovering their losses, and make affidavit to the transactions they have had with the pawnbrokers, and upon this information we issue regularly prepared blanks which the pawnbrokers are obliged to respect."

He said that the other business of the first hour of court was the issuing of summonses on the sworn complaints of persons who had been injured or threatened by others, and upon the complaints of policemen against citizens. Here there must be one further digression to explain the fact that in a very great many cases where arbitrary and instant arrests are made by the police in America, it is the English custom to issue summonses. Once when I was riding on a 'bus in a residence part of London, a "bobby" stopped the 'bus and handed the driver a summons. The driver had disobeyed the policeman the day before, and the policeman thus ordered him to defend himself in court. If a citizen of London disagrees with a cabman about what he owes for a ride, he hands the cabman his card and says, "I will not dispute with you, but you may summons me if you like." If a policeman sees a citizen breaking the ordinances that especially govern householders, or committing any petty offence, he does not lug him to jail—he summons him. In this way the individual authority of the policeman is modified to quite as great an extent as in his inability to club and shoot at his own sweet will. The ruffian is arrested, the gentleman or man at work is summonsed. Caste is not so much at the bottom of this as a strong sense of individual rights and popular liberty—a sense as proud and wholesome, it seems to me, as it is strong.

One feature of the hearing of the complaints upon which these summonses were issued was far less pleasant to comment upon than the underlying principle, however. If the English masses are more liberty-loving, they are also more coarse than some other people. The complaints made to the court were often of a nature that cannot be made public. They were usually of threats of violence that promised to take the most brutal forms, and that were couched in the most extravagantly and ingeniously conceived of foul expressions. One of the mildest promises by one citizen to another was to "cut her head off and eat it." I was told that it is the rule for complaints to be based on such threats and in such language. It struck me that the human fiend whose diabolism among the outcasts of Whitechapel has startled the world has merely put into execution the ordinary forms which angry threats usually take among the English lower classes.

"In their fights with the police," said a student of the people, "they not only threaten to kick them so as to cripple them for life, but they try their best to execute the threat."

Curiously enough, the threat and the subsequent assault were sworn to twice on that morning in two separate cases that came up.

But it is rather the humors of this sorry temple than its brutalities and degradations that are to be related. One old drunken woman who was arrested for her besetting weakness was recorded as having been arrested sixteen times. The magistrate remarked that hers was not an extraordinary familiarity with the court-room.

"We had one woman here the other day who had been arrested sixty-four times," said he. "My associate and I wondered what we could do with her, for it was evident that she regarded the jail as her home, and arrest as the only means of obtaining what she considered her rights. She got drunk as one might take a day for fishing or for rest, and then expected to go back to the public care. I thought about her case a great deal, and at last I said: 'I have it. When next she appears I'll frighten her into giving us no more trouble.' She came in course of time, as usual, and I tried my experiment. Fixing her eye with mine, I assumed an air of the utmost indignation, and I roared these words at her: 'Mrs. Milliken, do you know how many times you have given me the trouble of punishing you? Do you know this is the sixty-fifth time? How dare you do it? How dare you come here again to-day? Leave this room—leave it at once, and don't you dare to ever let me see your face here again!' My associate said this would do no good, but the woman remained away six months."

One of the women brought to the dock on this morning was a frequent offender. She was neatly dressed, and stood at ease behind the bars, listening with a smile to the stories of the witnesses, who told how she had smashed the plate-glass window of a public-house —a window that cost twenty pounds.

"She is an old hand," said the magistrate. "She knows enough not to try to talk till her turn comes. When it does come she will explode like a sky-rocket. She is said to have an income sufficient to live upon; but she drinks, and whenever she has taken too much she goes to this particular 'public' and makes trouble."

Just as the magistrate had predicted, when she was asked whether she had any questions to ask the witnesses, she let fly a torrent of denial, defence, and accusation, the most interesting point of which was her assertion that betting and gaming were carried on in the saloon in question. She said this because she knew that the magistrates have the power of revoking licenses, as well as the sole right of granting them.

The next prisoner who popped up out of the covered way as this woman disappeared beneath it had also broken the window of a drinking place. He had a sullen hangdog manner; but when the witness who swore to seeing him smash the glass had finished his testimony, the youth suddenly brightened up, and displayed unexpected mental alertness and ingenuity in his effort to destroy the effect of the evidence. It was the human counterpart of the cunning of a hunted fox.

"You saw me do it, eh? Will you state to the Court whether the glass was ground glass or not? Will the Court please look at the piece of glass which the policeman has? It is half an inch thick. I broke it with my bare hand, did I? How could I break such glass as that in that way? Look at my right hand. Is it cut? Here; look at my left hand. Is that cut? How could you see me through half-inch ground glass? Oh! you saw my shadow, and then saw me running. Pretty evidence that is!"

But, the worse for him, he had practically admitted his guilt when arrested, and he had been arrested once before.

A miserable man was docked for wife-beating. His wife was in court with her eye bound up in a bandage very much stained with blood. Every complainant against the violence of another came to court theatrically "made up," with a blood-stained bandage, or a sling, or a crutch, or some other such dumb pleader for sympathy and revenge. It is so everywhere. It is not an Anglo-Saxon fashion, but a trick of human nature. The magistrate was very stern in his speech to the wife-beater. With fine effect of well-chosen words, and with scorn and loathing in his tone, he asked the wretch how he could strike a woman, and that woman the one he had sworn to protect. The manner in which the man received this was ludicrous. He listened to the Court with pained surprise.

"Why, your ludship," said he, "I've lived with that woman fifteen year, and this is the first time I've drawed blood on her."

The magistrate had a strong sense of humor, and will tell that story many a year, but on the bench he heard the retort with apparent grave displeasure.

"Very, very funny things are said here," he remarked afterward. "Once a policeman complained that a citizen had used vulgar and profane language. We never allow a specification of unfit language, such as the first part of the charge implied, except in writing, and whenever there is an accusation of the use of words offensive to decency the witness or complainant always must bring the words written out and hand the writing up to the Court. This policeman had done this, and the words were as he characterized them. 'That is right,' said I. 'Now what was the profane language? That you may speak out.' 'Well, sir,' said the policeman, '*the profane language was abuse of the police, sir.*' "

Not funny, but very interesting to an American, was one other case which begun with the sudden appearance in the dock of a very pretty sailor boy—a young Adonis in naval dress. Policeman after policeman appeared in the witness stand (which, by-the-way, was a mere space beside the lawyers' benches), and told what difficulty all of them together had had in arresting him while he was drunk the day before. They had been obliged to use their staves, and the bruises on one side of his still handsome face showed what damage the innocent-looking little sticks the police carry in their coat-tail pockets can inflict. Policemen were now multiplying in the court-room very rapidly, and each, as he came in, put his helmet on the roof of the covered way leading to the dock. The pile of metal-decked helmets was a picturesque bit of the scene. There were four policemen in this case against the sailor boy, and when the last one had testified, the mind was confused between his fine appearance and the desperate character the testimony seemed to lend him. But just then there popped upon the stand a bright-eyed, earnest-looking man of thirty years, dressed like a person in moderate circumstances—an artisan or a clerk. His head was held high, and his manner was courageous.

"May it please the Court," said he, "I witnessed this arrest yesterday, and that sailor is the victim of the most outrageous abuse and violence possible to imagine. I told these officers so at the time, and told them I would come here to make a charge against them."

He told a simple clear story. He had only the interest of a citizen in the matter, and did not know by name any one concerned in the affair. This he did know, however—and I wish something very like it was known to every New-Yorker—that the magistrates (at least those in Birmingham) will investigate to the bottom every complaint against a policeman, and that they have the right to dismiss any member of the police force, even the Chief of Police himself. On the other hand, it is due to the English police to say that during three months over there I heard of only that case of violence on their part, and that I did not wait to hear proven.

The court opened at eleven o'clock, and cleared its calendar at one o'clock. As each case came up it was interesting to note how the two old gentlemen on the bench put their heads together and discussed what the sentence was to be, or scribbled figures of fines and days' imprisonment on pieces of paper, each for the other to accept or alter. Once in a while they called to the clerk, and said, "The man's guilty, isn't he?" or, "She can be imprisoned, but can she pay for the glass?" And whatever the clerk said became the law. The sentences were nearly all to so many days at hard labor, with a choice of paying a fine—an impossible choice to the poor wretches that drifted into that net cast among the slums of London.

The two judges of that court on that morning were learned, humane, and clear-headed men. But the system that was responsible for them was also responsible for another judge of whom I heard, who passed beyond virility into shrunken old age, and still would sit upon the bench. As he sat there, his head shaking and his lips moving, there would now and then proceed from his mouth such words as these:

"Enough! Enough! I'll hear no more. Twelve days at hard labor, and let me never see you here a—"

Then up would pop his clerk, and touch the judge upon the arm, and say, in a hoarse whisper, "Your Honor! your Honor! there's no one in the dock just now."